OF
HORACE

Mary Louise Dalton,

Nov. 1904.

A gift from

Mr Clarence Carey

HORACE

His Life, Friendships and Philosophy

AS

TOLD BY HIMSELF

IN UNRHYMED METRICAL TRANSLATION, WITH THE LATIN TEXT, AND APPROPRIATE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HIS WORKS.

"* * * * * * books which lay
Their sure foundation in the heart of man
Whether by native prose or numerous verse."
(—*Wordsworth*)

INCLUDING VIEWS OF AUTHORITIES ON RHYMING, AND OTHER TRANSLATION METHODS, WITH NOTES, COMMENTS, AND EXAMPLES.

BY

CLARENCE CARY

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TO W. GORDON McCABE, OF VIRGINIA

The learned, and amiable Quintilius and Aristarchus* of my beginnings in Horatian translation, and my friend since the *dura tempora* of our boyhood-days, when we could say, with Horace, *me * * * civilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma*, (†) yet happily omit the *relicta non bene parmula*, (‡) this modest volume is affectionately inscribed, by

THE TRANSLATOR

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* Ars P. 438–450.
† Epist. 2 II. 47.
‡ Ode 2 VII. 10.

Exegi monumentum aere perennius.
(Carm. 3. XXX.)

SONNET.

Look thee, kind Flaccus—genial Cynic-Sage;
Tribune, and Poet; Courtier, Friend, and Wit—
Here are some Old World verses thou hast writ,
In dim translation, on this modern page!

Thy Monument endures! No North-wind's rage,
Nor Rain-drifts harm, though crowding Cycles flit,
But Pontiff: ay, Proud Capitol—with it,
Thy Vestal, too—are dust, this many an age.

Nor burgeons now, thy Fame, as dream't of yore,
From Grecian forms, of Latium's verse made part,
Yet still, thy Genius lowly-born could soar
Above Rome's ruin—to a New World's heart.
And here, to-day, far from Ofanto's (*) roar,
We, Horace, hail thy Delphic-laurel'd Art!

* The modern name of the Aufidus River.

"There are only few books worth reading often and much; but Horace is one of them." —Long.

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PREFACE.

"'Tis hard to venture where our betters fail,
Or lend fresh interest to an oft-told tale."
—Byron (*Hints from Horace*).

The accompanying "Life of Horace," as compiled from the more strictly biographical features of his writings, is sufficiently explained by the introduction and notes thereto: the longer poems, such as the Epistle to the Pisos, or Art of Poetry, etc. and the fragments of more general character, having been added as appropriately, however partially, illustrating some of his characteristic views and philosophy.

Satire 1. V, with the essay thereon, or "The Famous Journey of Horace," is a *reprint* kindly authorized by the Bibliophile Society: hence its present appearance, with a separate introduction, in somewhat irregular sequence.

The metaphrastic method of translation here adopted is novel as regards a faithful adherence not only to the *line*, but largely to the *word*, as well as *phrase order* of the original text, with which a close comparison is invited. In the matter of structure, it has not been sought to do more than fairly approximate the difficult metrical forms of the models, since these appear to be unattainable, in any practicable sense, in English translations. The work, generally, is designed to meet some of the chief objections and difficulties affecting the more conventional translation renderings of Horatian poems which are discussed by the authorities cited in the Appendix. And, in seeking thus to avoid the distortion, personal obtrusion, and irrelevant jingle which, in one form or another, so often attend the rhyming translations, and, as well, the colorless aloofness necessarily characterizing mere

prose versions, whatever risk there may be of a certain mechanical effect, or of occasional obscurity, has been frankly accepted. Especially as this latter feature, the obscurity, namely, is equally to be found in the work of both commentators and prose translators—notwithstanding an ample freedom of textual arrangement which the latter enjoy—and, for its correction involves a dangerous, as well as presumptuous, assumption of authority.

Drawbacks of the kind last here referred to inevitably attend metaphrastic renderings of the classic structures, but nevertheless such renderings would seem to be most consistent with loyalty to the author, or, at worst, the better choice between necessary evils. The more so if the work of the translator is carried out in a consistently faithful and self-effacing spirit; with due rejection of his ever-present temptation to convert the model into either a personal gloss, or a palimpsest.

Such treatment, aside from any shortcomings of its present experimental application, would seem to be reasonably workable with the longer poems—what Horace styled his *sermoni propiora*, or nearer prose than verse—however doubtful its sufficiency where the more compact and dainty exhibitions of his art are concerned.

But, in any case, it should afford assistance to beginners, and to those who seek a revival of half-forgotten acquaintance with the Horatian masterpieces, however inadequate as *reproductions* these or any translations must necessarily be. In point of fact, the lack of material of this sort to assist my own beginnings or further wanderings in classical poetic literature, together with an increasing impatience over the fantastic inadequacy of the accepted rhyming translations, may account for and perhaps excuse the work here found. A work which has none the less been an agreeable diversion in the course of somewhat active professional occupations, and chiefly possible during the comparative leisure of "a chance of travel" of recent years in remote regions.

The present collection and printing of my efforts is in the nature of a *ballon d'essai*; for better scrutiny, and as a

test of practicability and usefulness, before considering a like but more comprehensive treatment of the same material now invited by publishers, and which may be a possibility, amid the chances of the future.

Whether translations of the kind are worth doing, is, of course, the essential element of my present experiment, but that the Horatian matter which they concern is of ever fresh and continuing interest, and that any simplification of its use and approach is desirable, will hardly be gainsaid.

For truly, of all the ancients who are measurably within our reach, Quintus Horatius Flaccus is the most agreeable and remunerative.

Grant that his philosophy—other, perhaps, than of criticism—was not profound: his own convictions equally fathomable; that his *dramatis personæ* were few, with sentiments of somewhat monotonous reiteration; even his love affairs—like the mellifluous names of those concerned therein—of but *postiche* suggestion, and yet the charm, wit, interest and other attractions of our ancient poet remain.

Or grant, further, that what he himself took chiefest pride in—his deft and dainty transplanted Grecian metres, are now, for most of us, unattainable, or of but academic interest; that personally he was unstrenuous—as having left his shield on the danger line, and thereafter sheltering behind a patron—that he may be said to have napped, where Homer would have been content with the nod, and yet, there still exists for us the genial, enlightened man of the world—the guide, companion, friend and gentleman.

It is in these agreeable and highly sufficient aspects, that, throughout the centuries, men of any and every day, and under all circumstances, have turned, and will continue to turn to Horace with interest and affection, and with reward.

This too, whether in moments of mere *ennui*, or of actual strain; in distress, or even under more tragic conditions, as for example, Cornelius De Witt, when confronting his

murderous mob; Condorcet, perishing in the straw of his filthy cell; Herrick, at his far-away old British revels; Leo, during his last days of the Vatican, and a thousand others, in numberless instances.

Horace's famous Monument will doubtless long survive, in spite of the destructive vagaries of the rhyming translators: perhaps even without the aid of some of us, of different and more respectful practice, who seek to correct *their* ill doings. But surely the kind old Poet will never take it amiss, if any who wander near his shrine may lend a sympathetic hand in effort to keep down some of the rampant weeds that clog its better view.

Various ancient MSS. of Horace have been preserved, but none apparently of earlier date than the ninth century. The Scholia—of Helenius Acron, Pomponius Porphyrion, etc.—although extant in comparatively late MSS., are commonly accepted as dating in their original form from the third to the fifth century; the *Vita Horatii*, attributed to Suetonius belonging to the period of about a century after the death of its subject.

The *Blandinius Vetustissimus*, or well-known "V" of commentators, was one of four MSS. of Horace, attributed to the early part of the ninth century, which perished in the sack of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter *in monte Blandino* (Blankenberg, near Ghent) in 1566 and to which Cruquius, a professor at Bruges, had access in preparing his editions—issued from 1565 to 1578.

The title *editio princeps* is usually conferred upon an unnamed and undated edition of the poet which is supposed to have been published by Zarotus at Milan in 1470.

What is now in general acceptance as the proper arrangement of Horace's various works begins with the four books of Odes (Carmina) and follows with the Sacred Hymn (Carmen Saeculare) one book of Epodes (Epodon) two of Satires (Satirae) two of Epistles (Epistulae) and the Art of Poetry, or Epistle to the Pisos (Ars Poetica, or Liber De Arte Poetica) although in some of the earlier editions the epistles are placed before the satires and the present order otherwise varied.

Of these works the Satires—from *Satura*, a sort of medley, although Horace himself chiefly called them *Sermones*—are accepted as having been the first to be written and published; the three first books of odes being grouped together, and the third of these assumed to mark the poet's maturest work and highest flight. The Epodes, although styled by Horace *Iambi*, have acquired their present name

from the brevity of the alternate verse of the couplet (as of an echo of the longer, next preceding one) and are classified in period of composition with the less-finished Satires. Both Satires and Epodes thus appear to have been published between B. C. 35 and 30—when Horace was in the period of his *sermoni propiora*, or poems "nearer prose than verse"—and the three first books of the Odes to have followed about B. C. 27, with the Epistles coming somewhat irregularly thereafter. The *Carmen Saeculare*, a sort of poet-laureate-composition, at Imperial command, is readily assigned to B. C. 17,* and, as will be seen, the Ars Poetica is by some authorities deemed to have been the latest, as well as an unfinished work, perhaps first published after the author's death. This latter poem indeed is often classified as the third of the Epistles of the second book, although apparently without sufficient grounds for certainty in such definition. On the general subject of Horace, and the evolution of his poetical product, Dean Wickham finds it "characteristic of the man that his Satires should mellow and humanize into the Epistles, and that the Epodes should drop so early their ἰαμβικὴ ἰδέα, and soften and generalize into the Odes. The process in both cases is nearly complete before the name of the composition is changed."

It will be observed that the *Exegi Monumentum* Ode (3. XXX)—here used by way of introduction—appears at the end of the third book of Odes, and, in its terms, indicates a completed work or finished group of poems. This latter collection is appropriately preceded by an introductory dedication to Maecenas who by this time—fortunately for the world at large, as well as for our poet—had assured to the latter, by the gift of the Sabine Farm and otherwise, an ease of circumstance compatible with leisurely and finished production.

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* *Vide* the inscription in regard to the Secular Games which was discovered at Rome while excavating near the bank of the Tiber in 1890; a record containing, among other details in addition to the above date, the statement that the famous hymn of the ancient occasion was the work of Horace: "*carmen composuit Q. Horatius Flaccus*".

Carm. 3. XXX.*

Exegi monumentum aere perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam : usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.
Dicar qua violens obstrepit Aufidus
Et qua pauper aquae Daunus agrestium
Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens,
Princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam
Quaesitam meritis et mihi Delphica
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam,

*The foregoing, and following Latin versions are taken by permission from the standard edition of the Opera Omnia (Ex Recensione, A. J. Macleane) published in the American Book Company's " Harper's Series."

It has not been thought necessary to extend the present work by like inclusion of the four hundred and seventy-six verses of original text of the Ars Poetica, although a close comparison of the present translation therewith is equally invited.

Ode 3. XXX.

(To Melpomene: The Poet's Estimate of his own Career, and of his Fame: his Monument, etc.)

Here finish'd a Monument, have I, than brass more enduring
And e'en regal works of the pyramids, higher,
That ne'er wasting rains, nor yet Aquilo's bluster,
May haply demolish! Nay, whether unnumbered
The years be, in series, and flight of the seasons!
Not *I* to die wholly, for of me shall much still
Escape Libitina, and aye, with the new generations,
Be crescent in praises afresh, whilst the Capitol
Climbed is by Vestal, in silence, with Pontiff.
Of *me* shall they sing, where of Aufidus loud roar the rapids
And where, by scant streamlets, once Daunus o'er rustics
Had kingdom: For I, from the low-born, am potent,
As first an Æolian verse, for the Latins'
Own measures, transporting. Assume thou the pride then,
Well earned by thy merits, and thus, with the Delphian-
Laurel, full freely, Melpomene, circle my temples!

HORACE

His Life, Experiences and Views, as Told by Himself.

> "The man Horace is more interesting than his writings, or, to speak more correctly, the main interest of his writings is in himself. We might call his works "Horace's Autobiography." To use his own expression about Lucilius, his whole life stands out before us as in a picture. Of none of the ancients do we know so much, not of Socrates, or Cicero, or St. Paul. Almost what Boswell is to Johnson, Horace is to himself. We can see him, as he really was, both body and soul. Everything about him is familiar to us. His faults are known to us, his very foibles and awkwardnesses * * * He seems almost as a personal friend * * * What would we not give to spend one evening with him, to take a walk over his Sabine farm with him, to sit by his fountain to hear him tell a tale or discuss a point."—(Preface to James Lonsdale's and Samuel Lee's "Works of Horace," etc.)

Lives of Horace are as the leaves of Vallombrosa, at least in sufficiency of number. They may readily be found in any considerable library collection of general literature, and in any considerable editions of his translated works.

But wherever found they still present only the somewhat meagre facts with which the world is already familiar —those, namely, to be gathered from the poems themselves; from Suetonius, and from a few other equally well-known sources.

Hence it is of no particular avail to again work-over the old material; to further marshal our scanty assets from these depositaries, however much one may be tempted thereby to seek an additional interest or profit.

And yet Horace's story *as he himself tells it*, even in the fragmentary condition in which this must be sought for throughout his works, is ever fresh and remunerative as well as reasonably sufficient: a Human Document, indeed, of the highest value, and of perennial significance.

In this view, it may be worth while to bring the scat-

tered fragments into orderly sequence for more convenient enjoyment—much as other detached gems might be assorted and strung together—with only such thread or slender setting (in the way of connection and extraneous comment) as may be essential to preserve a suitable continuity for present use.

Especially if the, as yet, apparently novel experiment, can be tried without greater sacrifice of original luster than that—however considerable—which in any case is inevitable under the blurred refraction of translation lenses.

Nor, indeed, is there need of much intrusion in the way of comment: merely a few collateral notes on the chief, or more salient features of the poet's career should suffice.

Thus, by way of introduction, one may remember that the famous Latin poet, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the son of a freedman—and of a mother concerning whom, unhappily, no record is preserved—was born about the year B. C. 65, at Venusium, between the provinces of Apulia and Lucania, in the Apennine mountains of Italy, and died, at about the age of fifty seven, some eight years before the Christian era; having thus lived from the great days of the Roman Republic, throughout the Civil Wars, and well into the Golden Age of the Emperor Augustus.

Also, that after an education at Rome and Athens; a brief career as a Military Tribune under the disastrous leadership of Brutus, and a consequent period of poverty and neglect, he rose from an obscure clerkship in the treasury, to become one of the protegés of the powerful Minister Maecenas, and later enjoy the favor of the Emperor, with a sufficient quiet and competence to complete his literary labors, and to pursue an incidental purpose of therein adapting the more perfect Grecian models of metrical composition to Latin verse.

With these bare outlines, as a reminder, we may proceed at once to the chief bits of autobiography, and to some of the collateral or internal evidence afforded by the present selections from a considerably wider range of the poet's works:

Sat. I. VI.

Non quia, Maecenas, Lydorum quidquid Etruscos
Incoluit fines nemo generosior est te,
Nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitarent,
Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco
Ignotos, ut me libertino patre natum.
Cum referre negas quali sit quisque parente
Natus dum ingenuus, * * *

* * * * * * *

* * * * * Quid oportet
Nos facere a vulgo longe longeque remotos?
Namque esto populus Laevino mallet honorem
Quam Decio mandare novo, censorque moveret
Appius ingenuo si non essem patre natus:
Vel merito quoniam in propria non pelle quiessem.
Sed fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis. * * *

* * * * * * *

Nunc ad me redeo libertino patre natum,
Quem rodunt omnes libertino patre natum,
Nunc quia sum tibi, Maecenas, convictor; at olim
Quod mihi pareret legio Romana tribuno.
Dissimile hoc illi est; quia non ut forsit honorem

From Satire I. VI.

(A conversation with Maecenas and Tullius. Incidents of the Poet's career: Tribute to his Father; His relations with Maecenas; Home-life, etc.)

You, never, Maecenas, because of all Lydians that may have
The borders-Etruscan inhabited, none are more high-born,
Nor yet for the grandsires--claim'd through both father and mother—
Who formerly legions the greatest commanded, will offer;
As so many do, an upturning of nose, thus to hook on
The humble; or such as am I, from a father, a freedman:
Since matters it not, you declare, of what parentage one is
Who's free-born himself: . . . .
. . . . . .
. . But what here, then, may best it behoove us
To do, who aloof and afar from the vulgar removed are:
E'en granting the people would rather Laevinus, their honors
Than Decius, the upstart, bestow on; that I'd be erased too,
By Appius, the Censor, as not of a father illustrious:
Or whether—more justly—because my own skin I'd not stay'd in?

True, Glory e'er drags in the chains of her chariot-resplendent
No less the obscure than the high-born. . . .
. . . . . .
But back to myself! From a father-enfranchised descended;
By all thus reproached with this freedman descent too:
Because now your guest, O Maecenas, but formerly, seeing
That subject to me, as a Tribune, a Legion of Rome was.
Yet differs this case too, since possibly such post of honor

Jure mihi invideat quivis ita te quoque amicum,
Praesertim cautum dignos assumere, prava
Ambitione procul. Felicem dicere non hoc
Me possum casu quod te sortitus amicum;
Nulla etenim mihi te fors obtulit: optimus olim
Virgilius, post hunc Varius dixere quid essem.
Ut veni coram singultim pauca locutus,
Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari,
Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circum
Me Satureiano vectari rura caballo,
Sed quod eram narro. Respondes ut tuus est mos
Pauca: abeo; et revocas nono post mense jubesque
Esse in amicorum numero. Magnum hoc ego duco
Quod placui tibi qui turpi secernis honestum,
Non patre praeclaro sed vita et pectore puro.
Atqui si vitiis mediocribus ac mea paucis
Mendosa est natura alioqui recta, velut si
Egregio inspersos reprehendas corpore naevos;
Si neque avaritiam neque sordes aut mala lustra
Objiciet vere quisquam mihi, purus et insons
(Ut me collaudem) si et vivo carus amicis;
Causa fuit pater his, qui macro pauper agello
Noluit in Flavi ludum me mittere, magni

With reason, in *me*, one might envy. But here, I'm your friend, and
You're cautious the worthy alone to admit; and from wrongful
Ambitions are far. Nor my happiness thus may they e'er say
Is due to a hazard of lot in your friendship. T'was truly
No chance that presented me to you. For, long since, that best of
Men, Vergil, and after him, Varius, had told you what I am

First coming before you, the few broken words of my stam'ring,
A childish, false modesty hindered from utterance further,
But never a father-illustrious claimed I, nor yet that
On steed-Satureian around my estates I paraded;
For just what I was, did I state. You, pursuing your custom,
Said little. I left you, till nine months thereafter commanded
Your friends to be numbered among. Ah, most highly esteem I
Thus pleasing yourself, that the base from the honest distinguish
By pureness of life, and of heart, more than glory of parents.

And yet, if with blemishes few, or but trace mediocre
Of taint in my nature, and otherwise upright, you find me—
As one might a handsome, fair body, with mole spots besprinkled—
And that neither avarice sordid, nor love of vile places,
Attributed justly be to me, or if pure and clean both,
(Though praising myself!) is my life, and I dear to my friends too,
The cause of all this was my father.
He, poor, and bare-acred,
Unwilling to Flavius' school, was, to send me, with chiefer

Quo pueri magnis e centurionibus orti,
Laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto,
Ibant octonis referentes Idibus aera:
Sed puerum est ausus Romam portare docendum
Artes quas doceat quivis eques atque senator
Semet prognatos. Vestem servosque sequentes,
In magno ut populo, si qui vidisset, avita
Ex re praeberi sumptus mihi crederet illos.
Ipse mihi custos incorruptissimus omnes
Circum doctores aderat. Quid multa? Pudicum,
Qui primus virtutis honos, servavit ab omni
Non solum facto verum opprobrio quoque turpi;
Nec timuit sibi ne vitio quis verteret olim
Si praeco parvas aut, ut fuit ipse, coactor
Mercedes sequerer; neque ego essem questus: at hoc nunc
Laus illi debetur et a me gratia major.
Nil me poeniteat sanum patris hujus, eoque
Non, ut magna dolo factum negat esse suo pars
Quod non ingenuos habeat clarosque parentes,
Sic me defendam. Longe mea discrepat istis
Et vox et ratio: nam si natura juberet
A certis annis aevum remeare peractum
Atque alios legere ad fastum quoscunque parentes

Boys, having Centurions great as the roots of their sprouting—
Their left arms suspending their satchels and tablets, and going
Their payments to carry, on Eighth of the Ides at each due-date—
But dared, rather, take me, a lad, e'en to Rome ; to be taught there
Such Arts as the Knights, and the Senators likewise, might teach to
Their children. My dress, and my following servants then, truly,
Had chanced you to see in the crowd, you'd have surely believed that
Inherited portion afforded the cost of. Moreover,
My father, himself, was my guard incorruptible, 'midst all
Preceptors, and aye with me present—
Why words though? Thus chaste (as
The first honor due unto virtue) he saved me; not only
In actual fact, but as well from base whispered-reproach too,
Nor frightened was he that with fault he'd be charg'd, if thereafter
I might as a Crier (which he was) or, may be, Collector,
In small business follow—nor would I complain. Hence, for all this
Is praise now his due, and my gratitude fervent, forever.

Thus, ne'er in my senses repent I such father: and therefore,
Not I, as do many, make moan or evasion of fault, just
Because of not having distinguished, illustrious parents;
Myself thus defending.
And differ full widely, from theirs, shall
My voice and my reason alike. Nay, if Nature should order
For certain of years of my life that the past be repeated,
And others be chosen—through call of ambition—as parents

Optaret sibi quisque, meis contentus honestos
Fascibus et sellis nollem mihi sumere, demens
Judicio vulgi, sanus fortasse tuo, quod
Nollem onus haud unquam solitus portare molestum.
Nam mihi continuo major quaerenda foret res,
Atque salutandi plures, ducendus et unus
Et comes alter uti ne solus rusve peregreve
Exirem ; plures calones atque caballi
Pascendi, ducenda petorrita. Nunc mihi curto
Ire licet mulo vel si libet usque Tarentum,
Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret atque eques armos :
Objiciet nemo sordes mihi quas tibi, Tilli,
Cum Tiburte via praetorem quinque sequuntur
Te pueri lasanum portantes oenophorumque.
Hoc ego commodius quam tu, praeclare senator,
Millibus atque aliis vivo. Quacunque libido est,
Incedo solus ; percontor quanti olus ac far ;
Fallacem Circum vespertinumque pererro
Saepe Forum ; adsisto divinis ; inde domum me
Ad porri et ciceris refero laganique catinum ;
Coena ministratur pueris tribus, et lapis albus
Pocula cum cyatho duo sustinet ; adstat echinus
Vilis, cum patera guttus, Campana supellex.

According to wish, still, my own would content me. Those honored
With Symbols and Seats of the State I ne'er take for myself, but
A fool stay, in eyes of the vulgar—if not so in yours—for
Refusing such burdens: though wholly unused to their bother,
Since forthwith a greater estate must then surely be purchas'd;
More folk be saluted: whilst one or more always be taken
As company, so that abroad, or in country, alone ne'er
I'd venture; a lot more of servants, and horses alike, be
Maintained—and with chariots to get too!
Whereas now, I freely,
With cropp'd mule, can go where I like; To Tarentum may-hap; though
My wallet both beast and the rider may gall with its burden.

Moreover, none charge me with stain, as they do you, my Tullius,
When Tiburtine-way you, a Praetor, with five of your following
Servants, and kitchen, may travel, conveying wine hampers!
And I, in my comfort, exceed you, proud Senator, truly,
With thousands of others, so living.

I go then, as likes me,
Alone thus: I ask what's the price of the herbs; what of barley;
The cheats of the circus stroll past, in the dusk of the twilight
And oft, in the Forum, awhile watch Diviners, and home then,
To onions and pulse, and to pancakes, as chiefest of dishes
Of supper that's served by three lads, where a slab of white marble
Two cups and a bowl holds in place, and an ewer affords too,
Of coarse sort; with bottle and beaker of ware of Campania.

Deinde eo dormitum, non sollicitus mihi quod cras
Surgendum sit mane, obeundus Marsya, qui se
Vultum ferre negat Noviorum posse minoris.
Ad quartam jaceo ; post hanc vagor ; aut ego, lecto
Aut scripto quod me tacitum juvet, ungor olivo,
Non quo fraudatis immundus Natta lucernis.
Ast ubi me fessum sol acrior ire lavatum
Admonuit fugio Campum lusumque trigonem.
Pransus non avide, quantum interpellet inani
Ventre diem durare, domesticus otior. Haec est
Vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique ;
His me consolor victurum suavius ac si
Quaestor avus pater atque meus patruusque fuisset.

Carm. 3. IV.

* * * * * * *

Me fabulosae Vulture in Apulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliae
Ludo fatigatumque somno
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texere, mirum quod foret omnibus,
Quicunque celsae nidum Acherontiae
Saltusque Bantinos et arvum
Pingue tenent humilis Forenti,
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et ursis, ut premerer sacra

Then to sleep I proceed, ne'er uneasy lest for me the morrow
Means early to rise, and to wait on the Statue of Marsyas,
(Who claims he can't suffer the sight of the youngest of Novians)
Thus rest I, till fourth-hour, and after that, wander; or reading
And writing what pleases me—lone thus—am duly annointed
With oil of olives (*not* such as foul Natta robs lamps of)
Or wearied—and if by the fiercer-grown sun's-rays, to bathing
Admonished—I quit the Mars' Field, and my game of the hand-ball,
And next, after dining—not grossly, but just to fend off any weakness
Of stomach, the day through—indulge in home duties.

Lo, this is
A life for one freed from all wretched ambitions! I, mark you,
Console myself thus, living happier far than if Quaestors
My father and grandfather—uncle, to boot—had been, ever.

From Ode 3. IV.

(To Calliope; A poetic Reminiscence of Infancy.)

* * * * * * *

Me, once, upon Vultur, Apulia's mountain—
Both home, and Apulian nurse, then astray from,
And weary of play; whilst in slumbers
Of childhood—with fresh-leaves, the wood-doves
Of fable enveloped, to wonder of dwellers
In nests-Acherontian lofty, and those of
The forests of Bantia; of fields, too,
In fertile and lowly Forentum :
That there, from foul vipers, and bears, in full safety
I slept, and was crowned with the green, sacred myrtle

Lauroque collataque myrto,
Non sine dis animosus infans.
Vester, Camenae, vester in arduos
Tollor Sabinos, seu mihi frigidum
Praeneste seu Tibur supinum
Seu liquidae placuere Baiae.
Vestris amicum fontibus et choris
Non me Philippis versa acies retro,
Devota non exstinxit arbos,
Nec Sicula Palinurus unda.

* * * * * *

Carm. 2. XIII.

Ille et nefasto te posuit die,
Quicunque primum, et sacrilega manu
Produxit, arbos, in nepotum
Perniciem opprobriumque pagi;
Illum et parentis crediderim sui
Fregisse cervicem et penetralia
Sparsisse nocturno cruore
Hospitis: ille venena Colchica
Et quidquid usquam concipitur nefas
Tractavit, agro qui statuit meo
Te, triste lignum, te caducum
In domini caput immerentis.
Quid quisque vitet nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas:

* * * * * * *

Quam paene furvae regna Proserpinae
Et judicantem vidimus Aeacum

* * * * * * *

And laurel, so gathered; nor lacking
The aid of the Gods, thus emboldened.
Thine am I, ye Muses; thine wholly, tho' lofty
Heights-Sabine I mount, or for me is the cooler
Præneste, and slopes of fair Tibur,
Or waters of Baiae delightful.
I, friend of thy fountains and dances, lo, never
E'en Philippi's back-driven ranks—and accursed
Tree's fall—could extinguish; nor yet might
In Sicily's wave, Palinurus!
* * * * * * * *

From Ode 2. XIII.

(On his Escape from a Falling Tree.)

A day evil-star'd, thou wert planted—and he too,
Whoever first reared thee, of hand sacrilegious—
O Tree, to posterity thus so
Destructive; the Shame of our village!
His own father's neck, now; I'm forced to believe that
He fractured as well, and his innermost chambers
By night, with the blood of his guests he
Bespattered: ay, poisonings-Colchian ;
And whatever wrong that can ever be thought of,
He practiced, who here in my field once upraised thee,
Thou vile log, thus ready to fall on
The head of an innocent master.
Nay, what should man shun best, there's never enough then
Of warning, from hour to hour, of lifetime!
* * * * * * *
For thus was Proserpiné-sombre; her realms, and
Aeacus in judgment, most nearly confronted!
* * * * * * *

Carm. 3. VIII.

Martiis caelebs quid agam Kalendis,
Quid velint flores et acerra thuris
Plena miraris, positusque carbo in
  Caespite vivo,
Docte sermones utriusque linguae?
Voveram dulces epulas et album
Libero caprum prope funeratus
  Arboris ictu.
Hic dies anno redeunte festus
Corticem adstrictum pice dimovebit
Amphorae fumum bibere institutae
  Consule Tullo.
Sume, Maecenas, cyathos amici
Sospitis centum et vigiles lucernas
Perfer in lucem; procul omnis esto
  Clamor et ira.
* * * * * *

Carm. 2. XVII.

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?
Nec dis amicum est nec mihi te prius
  Obire, Maecenas, mearum
    Grande decus columenque rerum.
Ah te meae si partem animae rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
  Nec carus aeque nec superstes
    Integer? Ille dies utramque
Ducet ruinam. Non ego perfidum
Dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus
  Utcunque praecedes, supremum
    Carpere iter comites parati.
* * * * * * *

From Ode 3. VIII. (To Maecenas.)

What, on Kalends of March, I, a bachelor, do here;
What flowers thus mean, and this censer with perfumes
Replete, lo, you wonder? Why placed too, are coals now,
The green turf alight on—
O, you, skilled in works of both languages!—I have,
For sacrifice joyous, a vow made: the whitest,
Of goats doom'd to Bacchus, since once I nigh killed was,
By stroke of a tree-fall.
This day, ever sacred, at turn of the year tide,
A cork, with the pitch well encrusted, removed is
From jar set aside for imbibing the smoke fumes,
When Tullus was Consul.
Take you, O Maecenas, of cups of your friend thus
In safety, an hundred, whilst wakeful lamp's glow may
Continue till daylight. Away far, let be, too,
All noise and clamor!

* * * * * * * *

Ode 2. XVII.

(To Maecenas; On his Recovery from an Illness.)

My spirit, why crush with complainings, since never
The gods, or myself, would it please that the first thus
Departing, Mæcenas, thou couldst be;
My glory, and safeguard, in all things!
Alas, then, the half-of-my-soul, how, if snatch'd hence
By Fates' sudden stroke, might e'er tarry its remnant,
Not equally dear, nor completely
Surviving? Such day would with duplicate
Ruin o'erwhelm us! Nay, here no perfidious
Sacrament make I—we go then, ay go then,
Whenever thou leadest, and thus our last
Journey shall take, as companions prepared may.

* * * * * * *

Epist. 1. IV.

* * * * * * *

Inter spem curamque, timores inter et iras,
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum:
Grata superveniet quae non sperabitur hora.
Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vises
Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.

Epist. 2. II.

* * * * * * *

Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum, ne mea saevus
Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla rediret.
Quid tum profeci mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? Quereris super hoc etiam, quod
Exspectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

* * * * * * *

Romae nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
Adjecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae,
Scilicet ut vellem curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi quaerere verum.

From Epistle 1. IV.

(To Albius Tibullus. Advice to a Brother-Poet; A Suggestion of Horace's own Personal Appearance.*)

* * * * * * *

'Midst wishes and cares, as in fears and regrets too,
Each dawn, for thyself, aye receive as thy last one:
More welcome will come thus the Hour that's unhoped for—
Me, fatten'd and sleek, with smooth hide, thou may'st visit,
To choose (Epicurus' herd from) a Porker, to laugh at.

From Epistle 2. II.

(To Julius Florus: The Poets' education; Glimpses of Rome; difficulties of the Poetic-Career: Philosophy of maturity, etc.)

* * * * * * *

I told you that lazy am I, at your outset: I add now,
For offices such like I'm almost unable; lest angered,
You chide me, and say no epistle of mine has returned yet.
What then is my profit, if laws that make for me you still may
Thus freely arraign? You complain of this, also, that if you're
Expecting what's not to you sent—of my poems—I'm false too.

* * * * * * *

In Rome to be bred, it befell me; likewise to be taught there
How much the Greeks suffered of old, from the anger'd Achilles:
And, later, was added, some more too, of fine arts, at Athens;
To wit, I a curve from a right line made able to differ,
And groves-Academic to search through, for truth, in my questing.

* For further suggestion on this point, see Epist. I, XX, p. 107.

Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato,
Civilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma
Caesaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,
Decisis humilem pennis inopemque paterni
Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax,
Ut versus facerem: sed quod non desit habentem
Quae poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutae,
Ni melius dormire putem quam scribere versus?
Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes;
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;
Tendunt extorquere poëmata; quid faciam vis?

* * * * * * *

Praeter caetera me Romaene poëmata censes
Scribere posse inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta relictis
Omnibus officiis; cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino, visendus uterque;
Intervalla vides humane commoda. Verum
Purae sunt plateae, nihil ut meditantibus obstet.
Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor,
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum,
Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris,
Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus:

But harsher events from that place of great pleasures removed me,
By civil-war whirled, tho' a novice at arms, in its current,
And Caesar Augustus unable to cope with in sinews.
Then, soon as I next was dismissed by the Philippi battle—
Of wings clipt, and humble, and stripped alas, both of paternal
Land-tenure and roof-tree—a poverty daring impell'd to
The making of verses.
But now, what's not needed thus having,
How could aught to purge me be able; what doses of hemlock,
If thought I not better to rest, than to scribble my verses?
Alas too, all things from us steal, do the years that are waning,
And jests having snatch'd—with my gallantries, revels, and sportings—
To wrest e'en my poems they strive now. What would you I'd do, then?

* * * * * * *

Yet passing all such things! My poems in Rome, still, bethink you,
I'm able to write, amidst all of its toils and cares too?
First, one calls for bail, eke another, to heed to his writings—
My matters then dropped—ill's the next, on the Mount of Quirinus;
A fourth, at the Aventine's end, tho' be visited each must:
With distances, mark you, thus charmingly handy!
Yes, true that
Quite clear are the streets, so that nothing obstructs meditation,
But, breathless—with mules, and with porters—first hastens a builder;
Uplift next a stone, will the crane, or a huge balk of timber,
While funerals-dismal combat with rude drays for the passage.
Anon, a mad dog's flight, or rush of some filthy sow onward—

I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbem,
Rite cliens Bacchi somno gaudentis et umbra:
Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere et contracta sequi vestigia vatum?
Ingenium sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas,
Et studiis annos septem dedit insenuitque
Libris et curis, statua taciturnius exit
Plerumque et risu populum quatit; hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis et tempestatibus urbis
Verba lyrae motura sonum connectere digner?

* * * * * * *

Multa fero ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum scribo et supplex populi suffragia capto;
Idem, finitis studiis et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.
Ridentur mala qui componunt camina; verum
Gaudent scribentes et se venerantur, et ultro,
Si taceas, laudant quidquid scripsere beati.

* * * * * * *

Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum;
Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed verae numerosque modosque ediscere vitae.
Quocirca mecum loquor haec tacitusque recordor·

* * * * * * *

Get hence, then, to ponder alone your fine sonorous verses:
For choirs of writers must groves love, and shun too the cities,
In shade and repose aye rejoicing as clients of Bacchus.
Would'st have me, 'midst tumults, alike of the day and the night-time,
Here sing, and the footsteps uncertain of poets thus follow?
Nay, look you, some genius self-choosing calm Athens for studies;
E'en seven long years thus devoting, and grown to old age too
With books and vexations, comes forth like a statue in silence
Forsooth, and, when home, shakes the people with laughter; Must I, then,
Thus deign, in the tides and in tempests of town-life, to waken
The sounds of a lyre attuned to the songs that are fitting?
* * * * * * * * *
Nay, much will endure I in soothing the breed of irascible-poets
When writing myself; even stoop for the votes of the people,
But now, having finished such tasks; with my reason restored too,
I close in full safety—'gainst all who recite—ears once open.
One laughs at composers of songs if they're feeble, but truly
Such writers are charm'd; and, admiring themselves, if by chance you
Are silent, will happily praise whatsoever they've written.
* * * * * * * * *
No doubt then, t'were wisest aside to throw trifles: the useful
To study, whilst leaving all child's-play to suitable ages,
Nor words thus pursue, to remould for the harps of the Romans,
But rather, true numbers, and measures of life, begin learning.
Wherefore I'll commune with myself now—in silent reflection.
* * * * * * * * *

Sic quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, et heres
Heredem alterius velut unda supervenit undam,
Quid vici prosunt aut horrea? quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani, si metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

* * * * * * *

Utar et ex modico quantum res poscet acervo
Tollam, nec metuam quid de me judicet heres,
Quod non plura datis invenerit; * * *

* * * * * * *

Pauperies immunda *domus* procul absit; ego, utrum
Nave ferar magna an parva, ferar unus et idem.
Non agimur tumidis velis aquilone secundo;
Non tamen adversis aetatem ducimus austris,
Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.
Non es avarus: abi; quid, caetera jam simul isto
Cum vitio fugere? Caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? Caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures portentaque Thessala rides?

Since here, a perpetual use is to none then, and follows
An heir to our heirs, as new waves must come after the first ones,
What thus can our manors or corn-heaps avail ; what, Calabrian
Forests adjoined to Lucanian, if Orcus awaits with his reaping,
Alike for the great and the little ; aye scornful of gold too ?

* * * * * * * * *

I, mark you, shall use, from my modest heap, only what's needed,
Nor fear, thus withdrawing, how heirs may pass judgment upon me,
Should what they may find be no greater than that to me given.

* * * * * * * * *

Let poverty-sordid then, far from my home be, for whether
The bark that shall bear me be large or be small, still, I'm carried :
If full-swelling sails are unspread to a prosperous north wind,
Yet life is not spent 'gainst the baffling, foul south ones.
In strength, as in genius ; in beauty, birth, fortune—if back thus,
Of vanguard, yet haply I always may lead the last-comers.

You're surely no miser ? Nay, good then ! Have all of the rest too,
Of vices, flown from you ? Is free now, your breast from vain thoughts of
Ambition : alike from the dreading of death, and from anger ?
At dreams, and at terrors of magic ; at miracles ; witches,
Or night-haunting ghosts, and Thessalian spells, do you laugh ? And

Natales grate numeras? Ignoscis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente senecta?
Quid te exempta levat spinis de pluribus una?
Vivere si recte nescis decede peritis.
Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est, ne potum largius aequo
Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius aetas."

Carm. 2. VII.

O saepe mecum tempus in ultimum
Deducte, Bruto militiae duce,
Quis te redonavit Quiritem
Dis patriis Italoque caelo,
Pompei meorum prime sodalium,
Cum quo morantem saepe diem mero
Fregi coronatus nitentes
Malobathro Syrio capillos?
Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
Sensi relicta non bene parmula,
Cum fracta virtus et minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento.
Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
Denso paventem sustulit aëre;
Te rursus in bellum resorbens
Unda fretis tulit aestuosis.
Ergo obligatam redde Jovi dapem

Your birthdays still gratefully reckon; your friends all forgiving,
And milder, and better, become with approach of old age thus?
What profits it then, if you weed but one thorn out from many?
Who knows not his life how to live must make way for the wiser:
You've played long enough in the game, and have eaten, and drank too—
Till time for retiring, lest quaffing here further than fit is,
A seemlier age may with laughter from revels eject you.

Ode 2. VII.*

(To Pompeius Varus. A Friendly-Welcome: The Lost Shield: Rest, after Strife.)

O thou, with me oft-times to lowest of fortunes
Reduced—as when Brutus in war was our leader—
What now, hath restored thee; a Roman,
To Gods and Italian airs of thy country:
Thee, Pompey: the first of my friendship's companions,
That often my loitering days with the wine cup
Hath shar'd; flower crown'd—ay, resplendent
In ointment of Syria our locks, too?
With thee, sad Philippi, and swiftest of flight, once
I suffer'd—to leave there, not shameless, my shield—when
Destroy'd was our valor; our menacing
Soldiers e'en smiting foul earth with their faces.
But me, through the foemen, lo, Mercury swiftly
Convey'd in my trembling, with dense mist encircled:
You, back into strife—in the suck of
The war-tides, o'erwhelm'd by their fury.
Here, promises pay unto Jove now, in feastings;

*The incident of the shield in Ode 2, VII, perhaps need not be taken with entire seriousness. In justice to the poet it should be remembered that he had previously campaigned with Brutus and Cassius in Greece, Asia, etc., and must have shown bravery and capacity to have been made a military Tribune at the age of twenty-two. See note, p. 202.

Longaque fessum militia latus
Depone sub lauru mea nec
Parce cadis tibi destinatis.
Oblivioso levia Massico
Ciboria exple ; funde capacibus
Unguenta de conchis. Quis udo
Deproperare apio coronas
Curatve myrto ? quem Venus arbitrum
Dicet bibendi ? Non ego sanius
Bacchabor Edonis : recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico.

Sat. 2. I.

" Sunt quibus in satira videor nimis acer et ultra
Legem tendere opus ; sine nervis altera quidquid
Composui pars esse putat, similesque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. Trebati,
Quid faciam praescribe." " Quiescas." " Ne faciam, inquis,
Omnino versus ?" " Aio." " Peream male si non
Optimum erat : verum nequeo dormire." * * *
* * * " Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt : * * *
* * * * " Haud mihi deero
Cum res ipsa feret. Nisi dextro tempore Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt Caesaris aurem,
Cui male si palpere recalcitrat undique tutus."
* * * * * * *

And, weary of combat, let worn limbs thus haply
Be stretch'd 'neath this laurel of mine, nor
Yet spare thou the casks for thee destined,
Whilst with the oblivious Massic our polish'd
Fair tankards are brimming. Nay, pour out capacious
Sea-shells of rich perfumes! Whom, now, the
Fresh chaplets to weave of the parsely
And myrtle may hasten? Whom Venus here name too,
As master of revels? Nor shall I be saner,
Carousing, than Bacchanals!—Greeting my
Friend it delights me the madman thus playing!

Satire 2. I.

(Horace and Trebatius: The Poets' Literary-proclivities: Attitude towards Enemies, etc.)

Some are there, to whom I may seem too severe in my satires,
And further than lawful to force them: quite nerveless, though, others
Consider these fashioned: as if work like mine might be spun-out
A thousand of verses each day, O Trebatius! How then, shall
I do? "Best stay quiet." Not *any* make, say you: What, truly—
No verses at all? "Yes, I say it." Why, perish may I now,
If that were'nt the better: but, look you, I sleep not. * *
* * * Though willing, good Father, my powers
Here fail me. * * * * * * *
* * * And yet for myself I shall never be
wanting
When chance may arise, or at times most befitting for Flaccus,
Let words through the ear of a Cæsar attentive, lack passage,
Since where one ill pats him, he kicks out, on all sides, well-guarded.
* * * * * * * *

34 * * * Sequor hunc, Lucanus an Apulus anceps :
Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
Missus ad hoc pulsis, vetus est ut fama, Sabellis,
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis,
Sive quod Apula gens seu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta. Sed hic stilus haud petet ultro
40 Quemquam animantem et me veluti custodiet ensis
Vagina tectus ; quem cur distringere coner
Tutus ab infestis latronibus ? O pater et rex
Juppiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,
Nec quisquam noceat cupido mihi pacis ! At ille
45 Qui me commorit,—melius non tangere ! clamo ;
Flebit et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

* * * * * * *

57 * * seu me tranquilla senectus
Exspectat seu Mors atris circumvolat alis,
Dives, inops, Romae, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul,
Quisquis erit vitae scribam color." * * *

74 * * * Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili censum ingeniumque, tamen me
Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia, et fragili quaerens illidere dentem
Offendet solido ; * * *

82 * * * " Esto, si quis mala ; sed bona si quis
Judice condiderit laudatus Caesare ?

* * * * * * *

But whether Lucanian I am, or Apulian, is doubtful,
For men of Venusia in common farm over their frontiers,
As sent for this purpose (for so runs the story ; the Samnites
Expelled first) that not through void-spaces might enemies raid on the Romans,
Should either Apulian tribes or ferocious Lucanians
Seek war thus.
My pen, though, now mark you, shall ne'er smite, of free-will,
The living : it rather, shall guard me, alike as a sword might
That's hidden in scabbard, for why else unsheath it attempt I,
While safe from inimical villains? Nay, Father and Sov'reign
Jupiter, here may aside lie my weapon, in rust, but—
No one let hurt me who's seeking my peace ! For should any
Still wish to arouse me, t'were "Better, Hands off", would I cry, since
He'd rue it, and infamous through the whole city be sung too.
* * * * * * * * *
* * * Ay, whether a tranquil old age now,
Awaits, or the black wings of Death soon may flutter around me ;
Rich, poor ; or in Rome left—should Fortune command it, in exile :
Whate'er my life's color, I'll write still ! * * *
* * * * * And if too, I'm haply,
Lucilius beneath, both in rank and in genius, yet still, that
The greatest of men I have lived with must grudging confess even
Envy, who seeking the fragile to fasten her fangs in,
Will break them on that which is solid— * * *
* * * * * Quite so, with bad verses—
But good ones aye made are, when passed these in judgment by Cæsar!

* * * * * * *

"Di bene fecerunt inopis me quodque pusilli
Finxerunt animi, raro et perpauca loquentis.

* * * * * * *

* * * Agedum, pauca accipe contra.
Primum ego me illorum dederim quibus esse poëtis
Excerpam numero: neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis; neque si qui scribat uti nos
Sermoni propiora: putes hunc esse poëtam.
Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

* * * * * * *

* * * * * Ergo
Non satis est puris versum perscribere verbis,
Quem si dissolvas, quivis stomachetur eodem
* * * * His ego quae nunc,
Olim quae scripsit Lucilius, eripias si
Tempora certa modosque, et quod prius ordine verbum est
Posterius facias, praeponens ultima primis, * *

* * * * * * *

Invenias etiam disjecti membra poëtae.
Hactenus haec: * * * * *
* * * * * * *

Satire 1. IV.

(On the Nature of Satire-writing: The Poet's own Attitude and Characteristics: Reference to the Training received from his Father, etc.)

The gods have done well then, that thus unaspiring and humble,
They made me in spirit; of few words, nor frequent in speaking. 17
* * * * * * * * *
* * Come now, just a bit on the other side, mark you;
But first, pray, myself, out of all that I've granted are poets, 38
Except from the number. Not merely the framing of verses,
May say you enough is, nor yet, if one writes much as we do,
What's nearer to prose, may you think him a poet to be thus:

For whom there is genius, a mind yet diviner, and lips, too,
That utter great things, must this name and this honor, reserved be.
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * And therefore, 53
No writing of verse in pure words will suffice, that whenever
Dissolved, may be any one's bluster. * * *
* * * * From mine, now, or those that
Lucilius formerly wrote, if you chance to be taking
Some certain of measures and quantities; words first in order
Last making; be likewise the last thus transposing, * * *
* * * * * * * * *
Not then would you find e'en the scraps of the poet dissected. 62
* * * * * * * * *

Nulla taberna meos habeat neque pila libellos,
Quis manus insudet vulgi Hermogenisque Tigelli:
Nec recito cuiquam nisi amicis, idque coactus,
Non ubivis coramve quibuslibet. In medio qui
Scripta foro recitent sunt multi quique lavantes:
Suave locus voci resonat conclusus. * * *

* * * * * * *

* * * Absentem qui rodit amicum ;
Qui non defendit alio culpante ; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis ;
Fingere qui non visa potest ; commissa tacere
Qui nequit ; hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

* * * * * * *

* * * Hic nigrae succus loliginis, haec est
Aerugo mera. Quod vitium procul afore chartis
Atque animo prius, ut si quid promittere de me
Possum aliud vere, promitto. Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis: insuevit pater optimus hoc me,
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quaeque notando.
Cum me hortaretur, parce, frugaliter, atque
Viverem uti contentus eo quod mi ipse parasset:

* * * * * * *

* * * "Sapiens vitatu quidque petitu
Sit melius causas reddet tibi: mi satis est si

No counters of shops, nor yet stalls, shall my books thus possess e'er,
For hands that are sweating and vulgar: * * *
Nor will I recite but to friends, and then only when forced to;
By no means before all who wish it. Yet many, their writings,
In midst of the Forum declaim. Ay, or even when bathing,
For sweetly in places thus vaulted their voices reecho.

* * * * * * * * *

* * * He then, who the absent reviles, and
Who fails to defend thus, when others are blaming: who futile,
Or ribald applause of mankind seeks: and fame as a jester;
Who feigns things not seen, whilst the secret entrusted his guarding,
Makes free of, is truly black-hearted! Ye Romans, avoid him!

* * * * * * * * *

This, then, the black essence of envy is: ay, and as well, too,
A rancor unmix'd, or a vice that afar from my writings
And mind first shall be, as reforms which are happily promised—
Should promised be things of myself, thus—if I then, in frankness,
Aught say by some chance too jocosely, the liberty, pray, now,
Forgivingly grant: Nay, my excellent father so trained me
That vices might better be shunned thro' examples he'd point to;
He likewise exhorting that sparing and frugal in all things
I'd live, and content ever be with what he had provided.

* * * * * * * * *

Said he " the philosophers, what to avoid or seek for—
With best of good reasons—will tell you: enough 'tis for me, if

Traditum ab antiquis morem servare tuamque
Dum custodis eges, vitam famamque tueri
Incolumem possum ; simul ac duraverit aetas.
Membra animumque tuum nabis sine cortice." Sic me
Formabat puerum dictis; et sive jubebat
Ut facerem quid: "Habes auctorem quo facias hoc;"
Unum ex judicibus selectis objiciebat;
Sive vetabat: "An hoc inhonestum et inutile factu
Necne sit addubites, flagret rumore malo cum
Hic atque ille ? Avidos vicinum funus et aegros
Exanimat, mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit;
Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria saepe
Absterrent vitiis." Ex hoc ego sanus ab illis
Perniciem quaecunque ferunt, mediocribus et quis
Ignoscas vitiis teneor; fortassis et istinc
Largiter abstulerit longa aetas, liber amicus,
Consilium proprium; * * * * *
* * * * Haec ego mecum
Compressis agito labris; ubi quid datur oti
Illudo chartis. * * * * * *

Traditions of ancestors' morals to keep—and yourself, thus,
Whilst needing a guardian, in life and repute both preserve—I
Am able, in safety. For then, when your age shall have strengthen'd
Both sinews and mind, without corks you'll swim freely."
And so thus
He formed me, a lad, with his sayings, and, had he then aught that
He wished me to do, "You've a pattern before you," he'd tell me,
"To do thus, and so"; first selecting from judges an instance.
Again, if forbidding: "How, whether t'is flagrant or futile,
Can doubt you, when branded with character evil it happens
The person concerned is?" As scared are the grasping, when ill, by
The fun'rals of neighbors, and, better will care for themselves, so
Tenderer minds are full oft by disgraces of others
Deterred from their vices. With all this thus sounder I keep now,
And guarded from what else might bring my destruction. The smaller
Of faults that I have you should pardon. Though haply e'en these will
Diminish, through age, and frank friends, and a proper reflection.

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * But now, by myself thus,
With shut lips I'll ponder these things. Or, where leisure is granted,
I'll play with my papers. * * * * * * *

Carm. I. V.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis? Heu quoties fidem
Mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
Nigris aequora ventis
Emirabitur insolens
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea;
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat nescius aurae
Fallacis. Miseri quibus
Intentata nites! Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris deo.

Carm I. XXIII.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,
Quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis
Matrem non sine vano
Aurarum et silüae metu.
Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
Adventus foliis seu virides rubum
Dimovere lacertae,
Et corde et genibus tremit.
Atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera
Gaetulusve leo frangere persequor:
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

Ode I. V. (To Pyrrha.)

What slender young stripling, amidst many roses,
Be-perfum'd with odorous liquids, pursues thee,
O Pyrrha; in grotto delightful,
For whom thy fair tresses entwin'd are
With art of the simplest? Alas, how oft faith, and
Mutations of gods—when his erstwhile calm ocean
Is roughened by blackest of storm winds—
Amazed, he'll deplore soon!
Who, credulous, precious as gold now enjoys thee,
And aye free and faithful believes, in his hope, too;
Ignoring thus ever the tempests
Deceitful. Ah, wretched are those who
Untried hold thee fair! Lo, my own votive tablet
The sacred-wall shows, with my still-dripping off'ring
Suspended beneath it to him that is potent—
My robes—to the Sea-god!

Ode I. XXIII.

(To Chloe.)

Alike as a fawn might—thou shunn'st me, fair Chloe—
If questing through hills that are pathless, her dam, eke
As timid: herself full of fear, tho'
But vainly, of gales and of forests;
When leaves, all aflicker—at breath of Spring's advent
Thus shaken—and emerald lizards, if haply,
The boscage they stir, e'er prolong in
Her heart and her knees, both, a tremor.
Yet ne'er as a cruel, fierce tiger—nor anger'd
Gaetulian lion—to rend, I pursue thee:
Nay, cease thus thy mother to haunt, and,
Full-ripen'd, a husband now cling to!

Carm. 3. XXVI.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus
Et militavi non sine gloria;
Nunc arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit,
Laevum marinae qui Veneris latus
Custodit. Hic hic ponite lucida
Funalia et vectes et arcus
Oppositis foribus minaces.
O quae beatam diva tenes Cyprum et
Memphin carentem Sithonia nive,
Regina, sublimi flagello
Tange Chloën semel arrogantem.

Carm. 1. XXXIV.

Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens
Insanientis dum sapientiae
Consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
Vela dare atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos: namque Diespiter,
Igni corusco nubila dividens
Plerumque, per purum tonantes
Egit equos volucremque currum,
Quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina,
Quo Styx et invisi horrida Taenari
Sedes Atlanteusque finis
Concutitur. Valet ima summis
Mutare et insignem attenuat deus
Obscura promens; hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

Ode 3. XXVI.

(To Venus. Disappointment, Reform, and Revenge.)

Of late have I lived e'er for maidens befitting,
Ay, fought e'en, full often—and not without glory:
But arms, now acquitted from warfare,
And lyre too, this fair temple-wall holds
That ever the left flank of Venus, the Sea-born,
Keeps guard for. There—there, leave, resplendently shining,
My torches, and levers, and bows, once,
Of portals-resistant, a menace.
Thou, Goddess! who reign'st over fortunate Cyprus—
And Memphis, secure from Sithonian snows—pray
O Queen! with thine uplifted rod, once,
The arrogant Chloe touch duly.

Ode 1. XXXIV.

(The Poet's Creed: a Special Warning, and Reformation.)

Begrudging the gods, and infrequent of worship,
Was I, whilst Philosophers-senseless astray in
Pursuit of: yet, now, to return; ay, to hasten,
With full-sail retracing all devious courses,
Compell'd am. For, Jupiter Mighty the heavens
Hath fir'd with the flash of His lightnings: the clouds thus
Dividing, and eke through a pure sky oft driven
His thunderous horses, and swiftest, wing'd chariots,
Whereby sluggish Earth, and her wandering rivers;
E'en Styx, and dread seats of the hateful Taenarus,
Or borders of far-off Atlantaean mountains,
Are shaken. Nay, ever, from highest to lowest
To change, and the lofty abase, may the Father—
Or humblest uplift thus! Her crown, too, rapacious
Fortuna, with clattering rush, is delighted
To snatch from the head of the one, for another.

Carm. I. XXVII.

Natis in usum laetitiae scyphis
Pugnare Thracum est : tollite barbarum
  Morem, verecundumque Bacchum
    Sanguineis prohibite rixis !
Vino et lucernis Medus acinaces
Immane quantum discrepat : impium
  Lenite clamorem, sodales,
    Et cubito remanete presso !
Vultis severi me quoque sumere
Partem Falerni ? Dicat Opuntiae
  Frater Megillae quo beatus
    Vulnere, qua pereat sagitta.
Cessat voluntas ? Non alia bibam
Mercede. Quae te cunque domat Venus
  Non erubescendis adurit
    Ignibus ingenuoque semper
Amore peccas. Quidquid habes age
Depone tutis auribus.—Ah miser,
  Quanta laborabas Charybdi,
    Digne puer meliore flamma !
Quae saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
Magus venenis, quis poterit deus ?
  Vix illigatum te triformi
    Pegasus expediet Chimaera.

Carm. I. IX.

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
  Silvae laborantes geluque
    Flumina constiterint acuto.
Dissolve frigus ligna super foco
Large reponens, atque benignius

Ode I. XXVII. (To his Companions.)

Nay! fashion'd to foster rejoicings, these beakers:
To clash o'er them 's Thracian! Off, then, such barbarian
Customs, and let modest Bacchus
From blood stain here sav'd be, and tumult!
Wine too, and lamp's glow—with the Mede's scimetar!
Vastly these disaccord: All impious
Clamor repress ye, Companions,
And bent-arm'd, rest couch'd thus.
Its strength must I too then be testing as well here,
In share of Falernian? Proclaim, of Opuntian-
Megilla, the brother, what joyous
Wound hast thou; what death from whose arrow!
Refusest thou? Wilful! Not otherwise drink, is
My bargain. Why, whosoe'er's rule t'is that charms thee,
With shame's blush to burn, ne'er *her* fires are;
And honestly, surely, if ever
Thy love sins. What hast thou? Nay, speak then, may'st freely,
In safe ears confide—. Hah! poor wretch! Can it be *thus?*
What struggles for thee, in Charybdis,
O lad, worthier far nobler passion!
What witch then—ay, who, e'en with pois'nings-Thessalian
Of wizard's art, saves thee—or haply, what god may?
Lo, bound with *their* toils that are three fold,
Scarce Pegasus rends from Chimaeras!

ODE I. IX.

(To Thaliarchus.)

Look you, how stands there, by deep snows a-whiten'd,
Soracté: nor scarce may sustain they, their burden,
The forests, thus lab'ring! In frost, too,
How keen, are stagnated the rivers!
Dispel we the chill, with the logs on the hearth-pile,
Freely replenish'd; alike bring, benignant,

Deprome quadrimum Sabina,
O Thaliarche, merum diota.
Permitte divis cetera, qui simul
Stravere ventos aequore fervido
Deproeliantes nec cupressi
Nec veteres agitantur orni.
Quid sit futurum cras fuge quaerere, et
Quem Fors dierum cunque dabit lucro
Appone, nec dulces amores
Sperne puer neque tu choreas,
Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa. Nunc et campus et areae
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur hora;
Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellae risus ab angulo,
Pignusque dereptum lacertis
Aut digito male pertinaci.

Carm. I. XI.

Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem di dederint, Leuconoë, nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros. Ut melius quidquid erit pati,
Seu plures hiemes seu tribuit Juppiter ultimam,
Quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum. Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur fugerit invida
Aetas: carpe diem quam minimum credula postero

Sabine from the four-year-old wine jar.
Ah! Thaliarchus, t'were best to accept these;
Leaving the rest to the gods e'er—for, once they
Appease but the winds that the raging old ocean
Now vex with their struggles, the cypress
And aged wild ashes, may rest too, unshaken.
Nay, what the tomorrow may bring thee, 'ware asking:
What days fate may grant, aye take score of
As profit. Nor yet love's sweet follies
May'st spurn, Boy, or shun e'er the dances,
Whilst blooming youth lingers, and gray age awaits thee
Morosely. Lo, soon, both afield and in campus,
Soft sounds, in the night-time, the whisper
Of meetings aloof at the trysting:
Or comes, from some nook of an ivy-crown'd angle,
The laugh of a girl who has lurked there, half-hidden,
Till snatched from her white arm, or finger,
The pledge is that's feebly defended.

Ode I. XI.

(To Leuconoë.)

Nay, ask not—since knowing were sinful—what for me; for thee, too,
As end, Leuconoë, the gods give: nor Chaldeean tables
Consult, with the numbers. T'were best what may happen endure then—
Ay, whether Jove grants us more winters, or haply our last be
The one that now wearies, 'gainst rocks e'er opposing, the billows
Etruscan. Be wise! Rack thy wines off: our brief span long hope thus
Abridges! Lo, e'en as we talk here is Time, in its envy,
Fast flying! Then quickly To-day grasp—aye heedless of Morrows!

Carm. 2. XIV.

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectae
Afferet indomitaeque morti,—
Non, si trecenis, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice, places illacrimabilem
Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
Geryonen Tityonque tristi
Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus
Quicunque terrae munere vescimur
Enaviganda, sive reges
Sive inopes erimus coloni.
Frustra cruento Marte carebimus
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,
Frustra per auctumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Austrum:
Visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytos errans et Danai genus
Infame damnatusque longi
Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.
Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
Uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum
Te praeter invisas cupressos
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.
Absumet heres Caecuba dignior
Servata centum clavibus, et mero
Tinget pavimentum superbo
Pontificum potiore coenis.

Ode 2. XIV.

(To Postumus.)

Ah, how they fly now, Postumus, Postumus—
Our on-gliding year-times! No piety hinders
The furrows and grasp of old age, or
May fend off implacable Death e'er!
Nay, not if with three hundred bulls, in each day's lapse,
O friend, thou may'st ask the appeasing of tearless
Dread Pluto, that ever a thrice monst'rous
Geryon, and Tityos, holds bound, near
The sad stream t'is certain we mortals alike—though
We linger awhile here, sustained by Earth's bounty—
Must cross, e'en if sit we in king's seats,
Or hinds of the field are, when summon'd.
Ay, vainly the bloodshed of wars we seek guard from,
Or rough, broken waves of the hoarse Adriatic;
And eke too, in Autumn, the ills for
Our bodies, of menacing south winds!
Soon visit must we the black river that slowly
By Cocytus wanders, and vile brood of Danaus,
Condemned there to labor, forever,
With Sisyphus, son of Aeolus.
Thou leavest thy lands here, and home, and thy pleasing
Fair helpmate: nor aught of the trees aye thus foster'd,
Save only the drear, hateful cypress,
May follow their master scant-tenur'd!
Consumes, then, an heir, who is haply more worthy,
Thy wines by an hundred keys guarded, and stains thus
Thy floors with a vintage more noble,
Than hail'd is, at feasts of the Pontiffs.

Carm. 2. III.

Aequam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Laetitia, morituro Delli,
Seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni.
Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis? Quid obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo?
Huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
Flores amoenae ferre jube rosae,
Dum res et aetas et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.
Cedes coëmptis saltibus et domo
Villaque flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.
Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho
Nil interest an pauper et infima
De gente sub divo moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.
Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
Versatur urna serius ocius
Sors exitura et nos in aeternum
Exilium impositura cumbae.

Ode 2. III.

(To Quintus Dellius; A bit of Epicurean Philosophy.)

Remember, that ever unruffled in hardship,
Preserv'd be thy spirit: when prosperous, likewise
Restrained from all vaunt of rejoicing,
O Dellius, to perish aye fated!
This, whether in sadness thy span thou shalt live, or
May'st dally, 'midst verdure retired, as on feast-days,
Reclined in thine ease, and regaled with
Falernian marked of the ripest.
Why then towering pines, and the poplars of silver,
Should generous shades love to mingle in union
Of branches; why labors to wander,
The swift stream, through murmuring channels?
Here, wine now, and ointment; alike too, the short lived
Sweet flowers of roses, command to be brought, whilst
Affairs, and thine age; the Three-Sisters
As well—with their dark thread—permit thee.
Thou leavest thy pastures of purchase; thy home, ay,
The villa that tawny-waved Tiber now washes;
And leav'st too, the heap thou hast high built,
Of wealth, for an heir to rejoice o'er!
Nay, rich thus, or whether from ancient Inachus
Descended, avails naught—or paupered, and lowly
Of race, dwelling bare 'neath the heavens—
A prey art thou still, to the pitiless Pluto.
Lo, ever the same are we driven; for all, too,
Is shaken that Urn, whence, aye, sooner or later,
The lot must be drawn for eternity's
Exile, and Charon's grim barge to embark in!

Carm. 1. XXXVIII.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
Displicent nexae philyra coronae;
Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.
Simplici myrto nihil allabores
Sedulus curo: neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
Vite bibentem.

Carm. 3. I.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo;
Favete linguis: carmina non prius
Audita Musarum sacerdos
Virginibus puerisque canto.
* * * * * * *
Districtus ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet non Siculae dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem,
Non avium citharaeque cantus
Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Fastidit umbrosamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.
* * * * * * *
* * * Sed Timor et Minae
Scandunt eodem quo dominus, neque
Decedit aerata triremi, et
Post equitem sedet atra Cura.
Quodsi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis
Nec purpurarum sidere clarior
Delenit usus nec Falerna
Vitis Achaemeniumque costum

Ode 1. XXXVIII.

(To his Servant.)

These Persian new fashions, my boy, I hate—ay,
Displease me all chaplets of linden bark woven!
Pray cease, then, thy quest for the latest blown roses
In nooks that aloof are.
Let simplest of myrtles, with naught of art added,
Thy sedulous care be, for never, thus serving,
Can these e'er degrade thee, nor *me*, here at rest 'neath
The vine's shade, imbibing.

Ode 3. I. (On Contentment.)

I hate, then, the vulgar-profane: at a distance,
Aye keep them. Pray, silent, attend ye my verses
Unheard yet! A priest of the Muses,
For virgins, and boys, do I sing these—
* * * * * * *
For him, o'er whose impious neck a drawn sword is
Aye pendent, not ever e'en Banquets Sicilian
May bring an agreeable relish:
Nor song-bird and lyre, with sweet music,
To slumber restore, nay, though slumber to rustics
Its balm ne'er disdains, eke in cottages humblest,
Or dim, shaded banks of the rivers,
And Tempé, where Zephyrs are stirring.
* * * * * * *
* * * * * Lo, Fear, and Foreboding,
Attain the same heights as the Master, And leaves not
E'en proud, brazen'd-Triremes, the Black Care,
That rides at the back of the horseman!
Since then, may not marbles of Phrygia, nor use of
The purples that, haply, more bright than the sun are—
Falernian wines, or the Persian's
Sweet nard—for the mind bring repose thus,

Cur invidendis postibus et novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium?
Cur valle permutem Sabina
Divitias operosiores?

Carm. 1. XVII.

* * * * * * *

Di me tuentur, dis pietas mea
Et Musa cordi est. * * *

Carm. 4. III.

* * * * * * *

Totum muneris hoc tui est:
Quod monstror digito praetereuntium
Romanae fidicen lyrae,
Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

Carm. 2. XX.

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
Penna biformis per liquidum aethera
Vates, neque in terris morabor
Longius, invidiaque major
Urbes relinquam. Non ego, pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego quem vocas,
Dilecte Maecenas, obibo
Nec Stygia cohibebor unda.

* * * * * * *

Why, then, with proud gates to be envied; with lofty
And novel bedeckings, should raise I a palace?
Why leave e'er, my calm Sabine Vale too,
For riches, by far more perplexing?

Ode 1. XVII.

* * * * * * *

Me, the gods aye protect, and to gods is my piety,
Likewise my Muse, e'er a pleasure * * *

Ode 4. III. (To Melpomene.)

* * * * * * *

Lo, all this, thy bounty! Moreover,
That fingers of those who are passing, point to me—
Of Rome's Lyre the Minstrel, and that I
Thus breathe, and thus please, if I do please, is thine too.

Ode 2. XX. (To Maecenas.)

Ne'er common, nor feeble, shall bear me aloft then
Of wings—thus transform'd—thro' the atmosphere liquid;
(A doubly-made Poet) nor tarry on Earth, I,
Still longer: but, envy surmounting,
Leave cities below. And, moreover, tho' humble
The blood of my parents, ne'er I, whom *you* call to,
Beloved Maecenas, can perish;
By Stygian waves be encumbered.
* * * * * * *

Carm. 3. XXIX.

Fortuna saevo laeta negotio et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas resigno quae dedit, et mea
Virtute me involvo probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quaero.

* * * * * * *

Carm. 4. IX.

* * * * * * *

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum: rectius occupat
Nomen beati qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque leto flagitium timet,
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patria timidus perire.

Carm. 3. XXIX.

* * * Ille potens sui
Laetusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse Vixi: cras vel atra
Nube polum Pater occupato
Vel sole puro; non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro est efficiet, neque
Diffinget infectumque reddet
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

From Ode 3. XXIX.*

* * * * * * *

Fortuna, her cruel employment is pleased with:
At playing her insolent game aye resolved on;
Transferring her honours uncertain,
Now to me, now another, benignant.
I respect her when constant: at stir of her
Swift wings, I yield all she gave, and within my
Own virtue enwrapped, to an honest
And dowerless poverty turn in my courtship.

From Ode 4. IX.

* * * * * * * *

Not in possessing largely, can'st thou call him,
Thus truly happy: of better right he taketh
The name of Happy, that the gods' fair
Bounty doth most wisely hold in use:
Who knoweth poverty, and to endure it,
And e'er disgrace far more than death may dread:
Nor eke, at dear friends' need—or whether
For country's call—to perish hath a fear.

From Ode 3. XXIX.

* * * Lord of himself, is he,
And happiest bideth, who 's free at day's end,
To say, 'I *have* liv'd! With to-morrow's sombrest
Shadows all the heavens Jove may cover,
Or sunshine purest, yet ne'er cancel
Whate'er the past holds; nay, nor haply
Undo, transform, or leave annihilated,
What once the flying hour hath borne away.

* Originally thus translated, with sundry other fragments—here presented, or now incorporated in the longer poems—for the forthcoming publication of the Bibliophile Society; viz., the "One Thousand Horatian Quotations."

Carm. I. I.

Maecenas atavis edite regibus
O et praesidium et dulce decus meum,
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis.
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos,
Hunc si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus ;
Illum si proprio condidit horreo
Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis.
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros Attalicis conditionibus
Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens otium et oppidi
Laudat rura sui ; mox reficit rates
Quassas indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquae lene caput sacrae.
Multos castra juvant et lituo tubae
Permixtus sonitus bellaque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator tenerae conjugis immemor,
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
Me doctarum hederae praemia frontium

Ode 1. I. (To Maecenas.)

Maecenas, of grandsires full kingly, the issue,
O guardian and dearest-held pride of my glory;
There are, who in chariots the dust of Olympics
Rejoice to collect, whilst the goals scant escape may
Their swift, glowing axles; whom Palms of the Victor,
As rulers terrestrial, exalt to the High-Gods!
Another, as happy, should wavering mobs of the Forum
Endeavor with triple-fold honors to deck, and uplift him:
Anon, one who in his vast gran'ry is hoarding
Whatever the Libyan flails may have garnered.
Or, pleased his paternal, scant acres to delve in,
The man, that not Attalus' wealth could e'er tempt to exchange with
His fellow, whose frail bark, from Cyprian woods built—
A mariner timid—beplows the wild Myrtoan ocean.
The clash of the waves of Icarus with African tempests,
Your merchant will dread, whilst the calm of his rural home lauding,
Yet turns he full soon with new zest to his ship, and
Refitting its wreckage, impatient of modesty's portion.
So too, there are those that full cups of old Massic,
And hours from the heart of a day-time snatch'd boldly,
Shall spurn not, whilst ling'ring the verdant arbutus boughs under,
Stretch'd prone by the source of some calm, sacred streamlet.
Full many the camps will delight; with the bugles and trumpets
Mixed sounds, and the warfare by mothers detested.
Again, waits full-long 'neath the chill of the heavens,
A huntsman—his fair, tender helpmate forgotten—
If seen is a hind by his hounds that are faithful,
Or torn by the Marsian boar, are the fine nets in tangle.
For me; lo, with ivy-twined crowns of the learnéd,

Dis miscent superis ; me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
Secernunt populo, si neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

Carm. i. II.

Jam satis terris nivis atque dirae
Grandinis misit Pater, et rubente
Dextera sacras jaculatus arces
Terruit Urbem,
Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret
Seculum Pyrrhae nova monstra questae,
Omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
Visere montes.
Piscium et summa genus haesit ulmo
Nota quae sedes fuerat columbis,
Et superjecto pavidae natarunt
Aequore damae.
Vidimus flavum Tiberim retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis
Ire dejectum monumenta regis
Templaque Vestae ;
Iliae dum se nimium querenti
Jactat ultorem, vagus et sinistra
Labitur ripa Jove non probante u-
xorius amnis.

Midst gods of the highest I'll mingle; cool grottoes,
And Nymphs in their delicate choirs with the Satyrs,
Aloof hold me far from the common, when neither the pipes of
Euterpe withdrawn be, nor yet Polyhymnia's
Sweet Lesbian harp may disdain my rejoicings.
Ah! name me but once in the ranks of the Lyrical Poets,
And the high stars I strike, with a proud, and an uplifted
forehead!

Ode 1. II. (To Augustus Cæsar.)

Now full-enough on earth, of snow, and direst
Hail, hath thus the Father sent; and with a flaming
Right hand hurl'd his darts against our sacred towers:
The City frightened,
And appall'd the nation, lest return the grievous
Age of Pyrrha, with strange monsters groaning,
When Proteus led his herds aloft and shoreward,
To visit mountains;
When fishy tribes amid high elms then cluster'd,
Where well-known haunts of doves had been before,
And eke o'erwhelmed, in timid flight a-swimming,
Midst waters hinds were.
Seen, have we, yellow Tiber backward turn'd, from
Shores Etruscan hurtled, whilst his anger'd billows
Rush to prostrate the monuments of kings e'en,
And Vesta's Temple—
That Illia thus, her too prolonged bewailing,
His vengeful boasts might soothe—and winding leftward,
O'erwhelm his banks, though Jove approved not
The uxorious River.

Audiet cives acuisse ferrum
Quo graves Persae melius perirent ;
Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus.
Quem vocet divum populus ruentis
Imperi rebus ? prece qua fatigent
Virgines sanctae minus audientem
Carmina Vestam ?
Cui dabit partes scelus expiandi
Juppiter ? Tandem venias precamur
Nube candentes humeros amictus
Augur Apollo ;
Sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,
Quam Jocus circum volat et Cupido ;
Sive neglectum genus et nepotes
Respicis auctor,
Heu nimis longo satiate ludo,
Quem juvat clamor galeaeque leves
Acer et Mauri peditis cruentum
Vultus in hostem ;
Sive mutata juvenem figura
Ales in terris imitaris, almae
Filius Maiae, patiens vocari
Caesaris ultor :
Serus in caelum redeas diuque
Laetus intersis populo Quirini ;
Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
Ocior aura
Tollat : hic magnos potius triumphos,
Hic ames dici pater atque princeps,
Neu sinas Medos equitare inultos
Te duce, Caesar.

They'll hear that citizens have whetted keen the sword's-
edge,
Which the fell Persians best should perish by—
Of combats too—our youths, whom parents' vices
Have left scant-number'd.
What god invoke, may people, 'midst a sinking
Empire's fortunes; with what prayers, petition too,
May Virgins Sacred, when thus scarce attending
Their hymns be Vesta?
Whom now assign, for sins, an expiation,
May Jove e'en? Yet, that thou wilt come, we pray thee—
The mists still clinging round thy shining shoulders—
Augur Apollo!
Or, an thou wilt, Erycina, e'er smiling;
Whom Joys encircle, winging aye the Loves with,
But, thy neglected race, thine own descendants,
Regard, O Founder.
Alas! too long thou'rt satiate of war's sportings,
Whom clash delights, where gleam the polish'd helms afar,
Of savage Moorish infantry, amidst their bleeding,
Stern-visaged foemen.
Yet, if thou changest; would'st of youth take figure,
Pray come to earth as if the wingéd son, then,
Of Maia-gentle, and thus deign that we may hail thee
Cæsar's Avenger:
Late thus to Heav'n be thy return, and, haply,
May'st thou be pleas'd to linger with Quirinus' people,
Nor—of our impious deeds, perchance grown weary—
Let e'er the swift gales
Uplift thee far. Nay, rather *here* great triumphs gather;
Here, Father love best to be called, and Prince too;
Nor suffer Medes to ride amongst us, unavengéd;
O leader, Cæsar!

Carm. 2. VI.

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum et
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra et
Barbaras Syrtes ubi Maura semper
Aestuat unda,
Tibur Argeo positum colono
Sit meae sedes utinam senectae,
Sit modus lasso maris et viarum
Militiaeque!
Unde si Parcae prohibent iniquae,
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galaesi
Flumen et regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalantho.
Ille terrarum mihi praeter omne
Angulus ridet ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt viridique certat
Bacca Venafro;
Ver ubi longum tepidasque praebet
Juppiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
Invidet uvis.
Ille te mecum locus et beatae
Postulant arces; ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges lacrima favillam
Vatis amici.

Ode 2. VI.*

(To Septimius—Rural Aspirations, and Preferences. The Repose of Age. Final-Demands of Friendship).

Septimius, with me full ready to venture
To Gades, or 'midst our rude, unyoked Cantabrians;
To barbarous Syrtes, where waves Mauritanian
Forever are seething:
My pray'r is that Tibur—by Argives erst founded—
A seat and repose in old age may afford me
When wearied, of wand'rings o'er lands and o'er oceans;
And turmoil of warfare.
Yet still, should the Fates this unkindly refuse me,
I seek then the stream of Galaesus—aye dear to
The fleece-guarded sheep—and the fields where once govern'd
Laconian Phalanthus.
For there, of all others, the nook is that charms me,
And where may the honey with that of Hymettus
Stand contest: whose olives may vie those in flavor
Of verdant Venafrum;
Where Spring gently lingers, and mildest of Winters
Jove ever vouchsafes too, and Aulon, aye friendly
To Bacchus, the fecund, may e'en the Falernian-
Grapes leave unenvied.
Lo, this is the place, and the fair, happy heights that
Invite us, and where thou'lt bedew with a tear then,
The still glowing ashes of him that a poet,
And ever thy friend was!

* Prior to Maecenas' timely, and ever cordially-appreciated gift of the Sabine Farm, the poet seems to have had modest country quarters at Tibur, or Tivoli, as it is now called. It is of this region and of his preference therefor, with Tarentum, the home of Septimius, as an alternative choice—that he writes to his friend in the charming Sapphics and pensive strains of the ode here dimly suggested. In point of fact, and with the usual contrariety of human aspirations, Horace failed to attain old age, and was presently more engrossed with his Sabine environment. Then, too, he was buried on the Esquiline in Rome, near Maecenas, instead of at Tarentum.

This, and the eleven poems or extracts which next follow, have been selected as, in one way or another, dealing with the country, and the rural features generally, concerning which our poet was so largely interested.

Carm. i. VII.

* * * * * * *

Me nec tam patiens Lacedaemon
Nec tam Larissae percussit campus opimae,
Quam domus Albuneae resonantis
Et praeceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

* * * * * * *

Epod. I.

Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium,
Amice, propugnacula,
Paratus omne Caesaris periculum
Subire, Maecenas, tuo.

* * * * * * *

Libenter hoc et omne militabitur
Bellum in tuae spem gratiae,
Non ut juvencis illigata pluribus
Aratra nitantur mea,
Pecusve Calabris ante sidus fervidum
Lucana mutet pascuis,
Neque ut superni villa candens Tusculi
Circaea tangat moenia.
Satis superque me benignitas tua
Ditavit:

* * * * * * *

Epist. i. X.

Urbis, amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus
Ruris amatores, hac in re scilicet una
Multum dissimiles, ad caetera paene gemelli;

Ode I. VII.

* * * * * * *

For me not Lacedaemon-patient—nor even
Larissa's fields fertile—affects, as must ever
The echoing home of the sweet Albunea:
Or headlong fair Anio, and grove of Tiburnus
With orchards refresh'd by the rills in their changes.

* * * * * * *

Epode I.

(To Maecenas, on his Departure for the Battle of Actium.* Recognition of his Bounty, prior to Gift of Sabine Farm.)

Wilt go, in Liburnian galleys, midst war-ships
High-tower'd and battling, Maecenas,
All perils of Caesar, our Leader, aye ready
To suffer thyself, dearest friend thus?

* * * * * * *

Ah, gladly this war, or aught other, would I then
Bear with thee, thy favor to hope for!
But not that yoked oxen more plenty in number
My plowshares might strain with; that freely
My flocks from Calabria, at blaze of the dog-star,
Might change to my pastures Lucanian:
Nor villa at Tusculum, high and resplendent,
The Circean-walls eke attain there,
Since amply, and more, doth thy bounty supply, nay,
Enrich me!

* * * * * * *

Epistle I. X.

(To Aristius Fuscus. Rural, *versus* Urban Life.)

Of lovers of cities, O Fuscus, I gladly salute you,
A wooer myself of the country; we here, indeed, diff'ring
Thus only, though widely, who otherwise almost as twins are,

---

* See Note, p. 203.

Fraternis animis quidquid negat alter et alter;
Annuimus pariter vetuli notique columbi.
Tu nidum servas; ego laudo ruris amoeni
Rivos et musco circumlita saxa nemusque.
Quid quaeris? Vivo et regno simul ista reliqui
Quae vos ad caelum fertis rumore secundo:
Utque sacerdotis fugitivus liba recuso;
Pane egeo jam mellitis potiore placentis.
Vivere naturae si convenienter oportet
Ponendaeque domo quaerenda est area primum,
Novistine locum potiorem rure beato?
Est ubi plus tepeant hiemes, ubi gratior aura
Leniat et rabiem Canis et momenta Leonis,
Cum semel accepit Solem furibundus acutum?
Est ubi divellat somnos minus invida cura?
Deterius Libycis olet aut nitet herba lapillis?
Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum
Quam quae per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum?
Nempe inter varias nutritur silva columnas,
Laudaturque domus longos quae prospicit agros.
Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret,
Et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix.

* * * * * * *

Haec tibi dictabam post fanum putre Vacunae,
Excepto quod non simul esses caetera laetus.

In ideas fraternal: whatever the one may deny, both
Denying, or nodding assent, as old doves well-acquaint might.
Keep you to your nest, then, whilst I, in my turn, praise delights of
The rivers and moss-covered rocks, and a grove of the country.
Nay, ask you my reason? I *live*, and I *reign*, thus, on quitting
What you to the heavens extol with a joy'd acclamation;
Ay, much as the run-away slave of the priest, once his wafers
Rejected: for plain bread I long, as far better than honeyed.
To live suiting Nature, if this should behove one, now truly—
Where sites must be sought for one's dwelling, as first of requirements—
Pray know you a place better fitting than is my bles't country?
And could there be winters more mild, or where breezes more gracious,
Best soften the fury of Dog-star, or Leo's mutations,
When first, in a rage, he has felt the keen darts of the sun-rays?
And where may invidious care now, least hamper one's slumbers:
Is grass e'er less fragrant and shining than Libyan pavements,
And purer the water, resisting lead-pipes of the street, than
In streams that the rills here with tremulous murmurs descend by?
No doubt your plantation is fostered, amidst varied columns,
Your house, as well, praised for its outlook on far-stretching fields too,
But Nature, aye mark you, expelled by the pitchfork, return makes,
And silently breaks vain repulsions, in conquest triumphant.

* * * * * * *

Lo, these, by Vacuna's old mouldering temple, indite I,
Full happy meanwhile, saving only that you are not with me.

Epist. I. XVI.

Ne perconteris fundus meus, optime Quinti,
Arvo pascat herum an baccis opulentet olivae,
Pomisne et pratis an amicta vitibus ulmo,
Scribetur tibi forma loquaciter et situs agri.
Continui montes ni dissocientur opaca
Valle, sed ut veniens dextrum latus adspiciat Sol,
Laevum discedens curru fugiente vaporet.
Temperiem laudes. Quid, si rubicunda benigni
Corna vepres et pruna ferant, si quercus et ilex
Multa fruge pecus multa dominum juvet umbra,
Dicas adductum propius frondere Tarentum.
Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus,
Infirmo capiti fluit utilis, utilis alvo.
Hae latebrae dulces, etiam si credis amoenae,
Incolumem tibi me praestant Septembribus horis.

* * * * * * *

Epist. I. XIV.

Villice silvarum et mihi me reddentis agelli,

Epistle I. XVI.

(To Quintius. A description of the Poet's Sabine Farm.)

Don't ask me, most excellent Quintius, if truly my land may
The corn for its owner supply, and with olives enrich him—
As well as with orchards and pastures; with elm trees, all vine clad—
Since fully I write this, and eke of it's form and its aspect.
Thus, mountains unbroken, except as divide them a shaded
Vale only, so turn'd that its right flank the Sun comes to gaze at,
And left one, alike by his chariot's flitting e'er warmed too,
With mildness you'd welcome. Nay, what if my brambles prolific,
Bear plums and red cornels; if oak-tree, and holm-bush,
With ample for flocks, and due shade for their owner, provide now?
You'd say that Tarentum in bloom is brought nearer! And, look you
A fountain here, also; befitting the name of a river,
That Hebrus' windings in Thrace ne'er shows cooler or clearer,
Thus flowing for aid of weak heads, and for stomachs disordered.
Here, then, are retreats, pray believe me, attractive and lovely,
And safe for you, ever, in menacing hours of September.

* * * * * * * *

Epistle I. XIV.

(To the Steward of the Sabine Farm: The Poet, at the moment, being unwillingly detained in Rome.)

My Steward of woodlands, and eke of small farm which restores me

Quem tu fastidis habitatum quinque focis et
Quinque bonos solitum Variam dimittere patres,
Certemus spinas animone ego fortius an tu
Evellas agro, et melior sit Horatius an res.
Me quamvis Lamiae pietas et cura moratur
Fratrem maerentis, rapto de fratre dolentis
Insolabiliter, tamen istuc mens animusque
Fert et amat spatiis obstantia rumpere claustra.
Rure ego viventem, tu dicis in urbe beatum :
Cui placet alterius sua nimirum est odio sors.

* * * * * * *

Me constare mihi scis, et discedere tristem
Quandocunque trahunt invisa negotia Romam.
Non eadem miramur; eo disconvenit inter
Meque et te: nam quae deserta et inhospita tesca
Credis amoena vocat mecum qui sentit, et odit
Quae tu pulchra putas. * * *
* * * * et tamen urges
Jampridem non tacta ligonibus arva bovemque
Disjunctum curas et strictis frondibus exples;
Addit opus pigro rivus, si decidit imber,
Multa mole docendus aprico parcere prato.

Myself to—but which you despise, though supports it five households,
And hence five good Fathers sends duly to Varia—let's try now
If I from my mind may more promptly the weeds pluck, than you from
My fields these, and whether the fields thus, or Horace, by bettered.
Whilst *here*, 'tis my pious affection for Lamia holds me—
He mourning a brother swift-taken, and with his affliction
Unsolaced—but heart and soul ever hence bear me, in longing
To burst through all bars that oppose them. For *him* I call happy
That dwells in the country, tho' you now, the cit would pronounce for,
Since aye one will loathe his own lot that another's is joy'd by.
* * * * * * * *
Nay, thus with myself I'm consistent, for sadly I leave there,
Whenever my hated affairs may thence drag me off Romeward.
And so we admire what differs, and widely apart thus
Are you and I truly, for what as a desert, or wilds, lacking welcome,
You reckon, all such as think with me hold charming: ay, scorn they
No less too, what you deem of beauty. * * *
* * * * But yet may you work at
My long-fallowed acres untouched by the plowshare; the oxen-
Unyoked have in care, and with leaves, from the boughs stripped, still feed them,
Whilst adds to your task, when you're idle, the river, if showers
Descend, since aye taught must it be, with more dykes to save meadows.

Nunc age quid nostrum concentum dividat audi.
Quem tenues decuere togae nitidique capilli,
Quem scis immunem Cinarae placuisse rapaci,
Quem bibulum liquidi media de luce Falerni,
Coena brevis juvat et prope rivum somnus in herba;
Nec lusisse pudet sed non incidere ludum.
Non istic obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam
Limat, non odio obscuro morsuque venenat;
Rident vicini glebas et saxa moventem.

* * * * * * *

Sat. 2. VI.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi et tecto vicinus jugis aquae fons
Et paulum silvae super his foret. Auctius atque
Di melius fecere. Bene est. Nil amplius oro,
Maia nate, nisi ut propria haec mihi munera faxis.
Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem
Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem;
Si veneror stultus nihil horum: 'O si angulus ille
Proximus accedat qui nunc denormat agellum!

But come, what prevents our agreement may'st hear you!
Thus *I*, whom fine togas became once, and well-perfum'd locks too,
Who grasping-Cinara could please, as you know, without presents,
And Falernian-pure drank from noon tide moreover, now better
Light suppers rejoice in, with naps on the grass by the brook side:
Unshamed of old sports, where the shame's but in failing to stop them.
And thus there is no one with envious eye my enjoyments
To lessen; to poison with hatred obscure, or with slander,
But smile, do my neighbors when turn I the clods, or the boulders.

* * * * * * * *

Satire 2. VI.*

(Sufficiency and Attractions of the Farm: Relief from Vexations of Rome. "Noctes Ambrosianae.")

This once was my longing: a portion of land, not excessive,
Where might be my roof, near a garden; a spring never-failing,
And snug little wood, close beside them. But better, and fuller,
The gods have endowed me. T'is well then! Nor aught further crave I,
O Son of Fair Maia!—unless thou'lt these blessings aye save, me.

If I've never made my estate yet the greater, by evil,
Nor ever shall lessen it either, by vice or ill-doing;
If ne'er I may stupidly offer such pray'rs as "O would that
This neighboring spot were but added, which bounds my small field now,"

* See prose version of lines 23–59, in Addenda.

O si urnam argenti fors quae mihi monstret, ut illi
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule!' si quod adest gratum juvat, hac prece te oro:
Pingue pecus domino facias et cetera praeter
Ingenium, utque soles custos mihi maximus adsis.
Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex urbe removi,
Quid prius illustrem satiris musaque pedestri?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit nec plumbeus Auster
Auctumnusque gravis, Libitinae quaestus acerbae.

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * Eja,
Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urge.

* * * * * * *

Perditur haec inter misero lux non sine votis:
O rus, quando ego te adspiciam? quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitae jucunda oblivia vitae?
O quando faba Pythagorae cognata simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?
O noctes coenaeque deum! quibus ipse meique
Ante Larem proprium vescor vernasque procaces
Pasco libatis dapibus. Prout cuique libido est
Siccat inaequales calices conviva, solutus
Legibus insanis, seu quis capit acria fortis

Or, "Grant that a pot here, of silver, some chance might but
show me!"
(As with him whose treasure-trove purchas'd the very same
acres
He erstwhile had plowed as a hireling; who thus was
enrich'd by
Great Hercules' bounty.) If, also, what now is, contents me,
Then thee I'll petition, "Lo, fatten my flocks!—all the rest too,
Save only my genius—and ever my wonted strong-guard be"!

When thus to my fortress and hills, from the city remov'd then
How best can my Muse than with satires, and letters, give
service?
Here, neither the ills of ambition, nor breath of a fell, leaden
South-wind,
Nor yet sickly Autumn, may ruin, to help Libitina.

* * * * * * * * *

At Rome, though, I'm bustled: "Up now, and be doing!"
you cry there,

* * * * * * * * *

And so the day goes, and I'm wretched. And often I pray then
"O Farm and bles't Country, when shall I behold thee!"; be
licensed—
Along with old books, or a nap, and divine hours of leisure—
To taste thus forgetfulness-sweet, in the midst of life's
troubles?

And when shall the bean, to Pythagoras kin, and the pot-herbs
Belarded with bacon, confront me: moreover, when, ye, too,
O suppers and evenings befitting the gods, where with friends I
In feastings before my own Lares regale, whilst pert slaves of
My household make free of the unfinish'd dishes: and
licens'd
My guests are with beakers unequal; from all laws inept, then,
Released too, e'en whether the drink be more potent for this one,

Pocula seu modicis uvescit laetius. Ergo
Sermo oritur, * * * * *
* * * * sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet et nescire malum est agitamus: utrumne
Divitiis homines an sint virtute beati;
Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos;
Et quae sit natura boni summumque quid ejus.
* * * * * * *

Carm. 1. XVII.

Velox amoenum saepe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycaeo Faunus et igneam
Defendit aestatem capellis
Usque meis pluviosque ventos.
Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
Quaerunt latentes et thyma deviae
Olentis uxores mariti,
Nec virides metuunt colubras
Nec Martiales Haediliae lupos,
* * * * * * *
* * * Hic tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
Hic in reducta valle Caniculae
Vitabis aestus * * *
* * * * * * *
Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
Duces sub umbra, * * *
* * * * * * *

Carm. 3. XIII.

O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,
Dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
Cras donaberis haedo
Cui frons turgida cornibus

Or cups that are milder make mellow the other, and where thus
The talk may arise and flow freely— * * * *
* * * * * * * As what most concerns us
To know, and what, unknown, is hurtful : or whether mayhap,
best
By riches are men made more happy, or virtue, and what, too,
The nature of goodness : the sum, and the end of it, likewise.

Ode 1. XVII.

(To the Fair Tyndaris. An Invitation to the Farm.)

Lucretilis' charms e'en, full often it happens
Swift Faunus will change for Lycaeus, from heat thus
To guard—in the fiercest of summer, and eke from
The winds, and the chill of the showers—my she-goats,
That freely, throughout the safe groves of arbutus
And thyme, may they quest, whilst astray, for
The odorous males of their matings.
Nor dread then, the lurking green adders, nor haply,
Haedilian wolves of great Mars, do my kids in the pastures.
* * * * * * *
Here now, fairest Plenty awaits, and for thee, aye
Replete and benignant, as likewise ungrudging,
All honors of rural life off'ring, from horn of her bounty :
And thou, in my valley remote, may'st the Dog-Star
Of heat thus avoid. * * * * *
* * * * Ay, full cups of the Lesbian-
Mild, here may'st quaff in the shade too. * *

Ode 3. XIII.

O fount of Bandusia, more limpid than crystal,
Aye worthy of wine of the sweetest, and flowers,
To-morrow shall give thee the kid with
It's frontlet of horns which is sprouting

Primis et venerem et proelia destinat,
Frustra : nam gelidos inficiet tibi
Rubro sanguine rivos
Lascivi suboles gregis.
Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
Nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Praebes et pecori vago.
Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis, unde loquaces
Lymphae desiliunt tuae.

Epist. i. XVIII.

* * * * * * *

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus,
Quid sentire putas ? quid credis, amice, precari ?
Sit mihi quod nunc est, etiam minus ; et mihi vivam
Quod superest aevi, si quid superesse volunt di ;
Sit bona librorum et provisae frugis in annum
Copia, neu fluitem dubiae spe pendulus horae.
Sed satis est orare Jovem quae donat et aufert :
Det vitam, det opes, aequum mi animum ipse parabo.

But newly, and eke for love's battles predestined
In vain too. For here must thine icy stream tinged be
With roseate blood then, he being
Of herds that are wanton an offspring.
Nor may the fierce hours of a Dog-Star, relentless,
Yet touch thee in season, since cooling refreshment,
Aye freely, for plow-wearied oxen,
And flocks that here wander thou yieldest.
Nay, also, of wells shalt thou always be famous—
I singing in praise of the oak that is planted
Thy cavern'd rock over, whence babble
The waters that flow with thy plashings.

Epistle i. XVIII.

(To Lollius. An Effect of the Farm Water-Supply.)

* * * * * * *

When oft I am duly refreshed by Digentia's cool river
Which Mandela drinks too—that village with chill ever wrinkled—
What think you I dream of, my friend, or believe you I pray for?
'Tis what I have now, or e'en less, I be suffer'd to joy in;
What's left of my life, to myself live, if gods this afford me,
But still, with good books in full plenty, and corn for a twelvemonth
In stock too, lest float I on hopes, in precarious moments.
Enough 'tis to ask Jove his givings and takings. Once grant he
But life, and eke riches, I'll look to myself for contentment.

* * * * * * *

* * * Ne te longis ambagibus ultra
Quam satis est morer, ex nitido fit rusticus atque
Sulcos et vineta crepat mera; praeparat ulmos,
Immoritur studiis et amore senescit habendi.
Verum ubi oves furto, morbo periere capellae,
Spem mentita seges, bos est enectus arando,
Offensus damnis media de nocte caballum
Arripit iratusque Philippi tendit ad aedes.

* * * * * * *

* * * "Pol me miserum, patrone, vocares,
Si velles" inquit, "verum mihi ponere nomen!
Quod te per Genium dextramque deosque Penates
Obsecro et obtestor, vitae me redde priori."

* * * * * * *

Epistle I. VII.

(To Maecenas. Another side of Farming. Experiences of Volteius, an Auctioneer of the City, after Transplantation to the Country on the whimsical Experiment of Philip, a wealthy Advocate.)

* * Nay, not to detain you with more tedious detail
Than what quite enough is, behold our sleek citizen changed to a farmer,
Of furrows and vineyards aye prating; preparing with vigor his elm trees,
But presently, pining with cares, and grown aged with desire of gain, too.
Then, soon as his sheep are all stolen, his she goats removed by distemper,
His crop given lie to his hopings—his ox, alas, slain by hard plow-work—
Full worn and chagrined by his losses, he saddles his horse of a midnight,
And, furious, rides to the mansion of Philip. * *
* * * * "Ah, Patron," there cries he,
But Wretched thou'dst call me, if using my true name! Wherefore I beseech, nay,
Conjure thee; invoking thy genius; thy right hand; the gods of thy household,
That home to my old life, and shop, thou'lt restore me!" * *
* * * * * * * *

Carm. i. XXII.

Integer vitae scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,

* * * * * * *

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem,
Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,
Nec Jubae tellus generat leonum
Arida nutrix. * * *

* * * * * * *

Epist. i. XI.

* * * * * * *

7 Scis Lebedus quid sit; Gabiis desertior atque
Fidenis vicus; tamen illic vivere vellem,

Ode 1. XXII.*

(To Aristius Fuscus. Another Incident of the Farm.)

He that is pure in his life, and from wickedness
Free, will ne'er javelins Moorish, nor bows, need,
Nor yet e'en his arrows, with venom due weighted,
O Fuscus, in quiver!

* * * * * * * * *

For, look you, a wolf, in the woods of Sabina—
Whilst I of my Lalagé sang, and my borders
O'erstray'd, thus from troubles beguiled—fled before me
In fear, tho' unarm'd I.
And this such a monster, that never the warlike
Wide forest of Daunia hath savagely nourish'd,
Nor Juba, the land that the lion engenders,
Might aridly nurse, e'en.

* * * * * * *

Epistle 1. XI.

(To Bullatius. Travel Suggestions, and Reflections).

* * * * * * *

Of Lebedus, know you: that village more fully deserted
Than Gabii truly, or even Fidenae? And yet, there

---

*Concerning this famous poem, it will be seen that I venture therein only so far as to extract what appears to be an appropriate incident for the illustration of Sabine farm experiences. Otherwise, I have prudently held aloof from maltreatment of "dulce ridentem" and "dulce loquentem" Lalage: a feature which it is not surprising that a considerable English poet found impossible of just—or, at least, adequate—translation, even after some years' effort. That I have risked the scarcely less tuneful "Linquenda tellus et domus et placens" stanza, of Ode 2, XIV, is due only to a supposed need for the whole of the Postumus-material. It is, indeed, the delicate cadences of these and like passages, whether as regards their words or metre, that make an adequate reproduction of the shorter Horatian poems impossible to modern tongues and forms. Such, for example, if further illustration be desired, as the following dainty blending of liquid-music and word-picture (from Ode 1. XII).

* * * quorum simul alba nautis
stella refulsit,
defluit saxis agitatus umor,
concidunt venti fugiuntque nubes
et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto
unda recumbit.

Oblitusque meorum obliviscendus et illis
Neptunum procul e terra spectare furentem.
Sed neque qui Capua Romam petit imbre lutoque
Adspersus volet in caupona vivere ; nec qui
Frigus collegit furnos et balnea laudat
Ut fortunatam plene praestantia vitam.
Nec si te validus jactaverit Auster in alto,
Idcirco navem trans Aegaeum mare vendas.
Incolumi Rhodos et Mytilene pulchra facit quod
Paenula solstitio, campestre nivalibus auris,
Per brumam Tiberis, Sextili mense caminus.
Dum licet ac vultum servat Fortuna benignum,
Romae laudetur Samos et Chios et Rhodos absens.
Tu quamcunque deus tibi fortunaverit horam
Grata sume manu, neu dulcia differ in annum,
Ut quocunque loco fueris vixisse libenter
Te dicas; nam si ratio et prudentia curas,
Non locus effusi late maris arbiter aufert,
Caelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.
Strenua nos exercet inertia: navîbus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis hic est,
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit aequus.

To live, I'd be willing; forgot, and forgetting of friends too,
Whilst Neptune, from dryland safe viewing afar in his fury.
But still, one from Capua, Rome-ward, who's both rain and mud splashed,
Would hardly to *live* at an inn then be willing, nor does he—
A cold having taken—the stoves and the bagnios proclaim thus,
As fully, and always, for lives that are happy providing.
So neither, though toss'd in the deep by a violent south-wind,
Must therefore you sell out your ship, when you've cross'd the Aegean.
Nay, Rhodes and Mytilene-beauteous, on one sound of mind, may
Effect have, like cloaks in midsummer, or drawers of an athlete
In snow-time; the Tiber in winter; a fire in August.
Thus, while t'is permitted, and Fortune's benignant, aye praise you
Fair Samos and Chios; far Rhodes too, if still you at Rome are
And whatever hours of welfare the gods may vouchsafe you,
Receive with a hand that is grateful, nor wait years for pleasures,
To say that wherever you've lived, you have found satisfaction.
For, mark you, if reason, and likewise discretion—in lieu of
A place with a sea-view—one's cares may remove thus, it follows,
The heavens, instead of the soul, change with those who the seas cross.
T'is ever an idleness-busy that vexes. With yachts, and
With coaches, we're seeking to live well: but what you make quest of,
Is *here*, at Ulubrae, if haply, good temper ne'er fails you.

Sat. 1. IX.

Ibam forte via Sacra, sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis:
Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum,
Arreptaque manu, "Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?"
"Suaviter ut nunc est," inquam, "et cupio omnia quae vis."
Cum assectaretur: "Num quid vis?" occupo. At ille,
"Noris nos," inquit; "docti sumus." Hic ego, "Pluris
Hoc," inquam, "mihi eris." Misere discedere quaerens
Ire modo ocius, interdum consistere, in aurem
Dicere nescio quid puero, cum sudor ad imos
Manaret talos. O te, Bolane, cerebri
Felicem! aiebam tacitus; cum quidlibet ille
Garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret. Ut illi
Nil respondebam, "Misere cupis," inquit, "abire;
Jam dudum video; sed nil agis; usque tenebo;
Persequar: hinc quo nunc iter est tibi?" "Nil opus est te
Circumagi; quendam volo visere non tibi notum;
Trans Tiberim longe cubat is prope Caesaris hortos."
"Nil habeo quod agam et non sum piger; usque sequar te."
Demitto auriculas ut iniquae mentis asellus,
Cum gravius dorso subiit onus. Incipit ille:

Satire i. IX.

(An Encounter with a Bore; a would-be Parasite.)

By chance, when I sauntered along Via Sacra as usual,
Intent on I know not what trifles, yet deeply absorbed too,
Upruns there a person—a creature I know but the name of—
Who grabs at my hand, with salute of "How *do* you, my *dear* Friend?"
"Quite fairly, as times go," I tell him, and add, "My best wishes!"
When, finding he follows, I ask, to forestall him, "What would you?
Whereat, he, "Why surely you know *me:* both Scholars,?" and I, then,
"For this all the more my esteem, Sir!" But, aching to 'scape him,
I walk on more swiftly, yet stopping at times too, or whispering
In ear of my servant mere nothings: the sweat flowing down, now,
Below e'en my ancles—whilst envy'ng Bolanus' brusque temper
As happier; so indeed, mutt'ring. The fellow next babbles
Of streets; and the city, or whatever offers, in praise of,
But I nought responding, "You're anxious", says he, "to proceed now,
I've noticed this, truly: no matter, I'll follow; attend you
Wherever you chance to be going". Here I, "Nay, no need thus
To put you about, since the friend I would visit you know not:
And far across Tiber lies ill, near the gardens of Caesar."
But he, "O, I've nothing to do: never lazy—We'll go there."
(I hanging my ears, like a sour-tempered ass, when a burden,
More heavy than common, its back strains) Resuming,

"Si bene me novi non Viscum pluris amicum,
Non Varium facies; nam quis me scribere plures
Aut citius possit versus? quis membra movere
Mollius? Invideat quod et Hermogenes ego canto."
Interpellandi locus hic erat: "Est tibi mater,
Cognati, quis te salvo est opus?"—"Haud mihi quisquam.
Omnes composui."—"Felices! nunc ego resto.
Confice; namque instat fatum mihi triste Sabella
Quod puero cecinit divina mota anus urna:
Hunc neque dira venena nec hosticus auferet ensis
Nec laterum dolor aut tussis nec tarda podagra;
Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque; loquaces
Si sapiat vitet simul atque adoleverit aetas."
Ventum erat ad Vestae, quarta jam parte diei
Praeterita, et casu tunc respondere vadato
Debebat, quod ni fecisset perdere litem.
"Si me amas," inquit, "paulum hic ades." "Interea si
Aut valeo stare aut novi civilia jura;
Et propero quo scis." "Dubius sum quid faciam," inquit,
"Tene relinquam an rem." "Me sodes." "Non faciam" ille;

He adds, "If myself I well-know, never Viscus as more of a friend, nay,
Nor Varius either, you'd relish, for who writes more quickly,
Or more, now, of verses? Who, also, his limbs moves in dances
More softly? My singing, indeed, might Hermogenes envy!"
Here then, was my place to break in: "Nay, a mother, pray have you:
Relations mayhap, and wrapped-up in your welfare"? "Not any—
All buried", he answers. "How happy are they! *I remain, tho'*",
I tell him, and add, "Now despatch me: Fate's moment: arrives! Ah,
The Sorceress Sabine, with urn shake, in childhood, foretold it;
That I ne'er by poisons, nor yet with the sword of a foeman,
By slow moving gout, or a side-stitch; a cough e'en, might die now,
But, rather, some babbler would finish—lest, haply, all talkers
I'd wisely avoid, on attaining my years of discretion."
We'd come, now, as far as the Temple of Vesta, the fourth-hour reach'd thus,
When, chanced it, my man had in court to make answer
Been summon'd, and feared, if he failed thus, to suffer a judgment.
Says he, "An you love me, step in here, a while": I, "I'd die first:
Not able to stand out the case, nor aught knowing of law, and
In haste—you know whither." "I doubt what to do then," he mutters,
"Leave you, or my cause now." "Pray, *me*, please!" "Nay never!" With this, he

Et praecedere coepit. Ego ut contendere durum est
Cum victore sequor. "Maecenas quomodo tecum?"
Hinc repetit; "paucorum hominum et mentis bene sanae;
Nemo dexterius fortuna est usus. Haberes
Magnum adjutorem posset qui ferre secundas,
Hunc hominem velles si tradere; dispeream ni
Summosses omnes." "Non isto vivimus illic
Quo tu rere modo; domus hac nec purior ulla est
Nec magis his aliena malis; nil mi officit unquam
Ditior hic aut est quia doctior; est locus uni
Cuique unus." "Magnum narras, vix credibile!" "Atqui
Sic habet." "Accendis, quare cupiam magis illi
Proximus esse." "Velis tantummodo: quae tua virtus.
Expugnabis; et est qui vinci possit, eoque
Difficiles aditus primos habet." "Haud mihi deero:
Muneribus servos corrumpam; non hodie si
Exclusus fuero desistam; tempora quaeram,
Occurram in triviis, deducam. Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus." Haec dum agit, ecce
Fuscus Aristius occurrit, mihi carus et illum
Qui pulchre nosset. Consistimus. "Unde venis?" et

Proceeds to conduct me, whilst I—since 'tis hard to contend with
A conqueror—follow. "How goes it 'twixt you and Maecenas?"
Continues he, leering—"A man *that*, of few friends, and wise too!
Yet no one than you better serves his own fortune. You lack though,
An able assistant, with power to work as your second;
Such man—nay, present *me*; I hope I may perish if you'd not
Soon swamp all the others." "Stay," say I, "not thus do we live there:
Nor as you suppose it, for no house is purer than his is—
None further removed from such evils. To me ne'er discredit
Accrues, if another is richer; more learnéd, where each one
His place holds." "A marvel: scarce credible this, now!"
"It's true tho',"
I answer, whereat he, "Why, here all the more you incite me
To know him." "Well, try it. Inclined thus, with all of your virtues,
You'll conquer. For, look you, quite easily stormed is Maecenas,
But just for this reason remains behind breastworks." Then says he,
"I'll lack not: why stay—I'll his servants corrupt first, with presents:
If turn'd out to-day nowise tiring: nay, chances the better pursue then,
Like meetings in streets; home-escortings: for never, without our
Great trouble, will life its rewards grant to mortals!" Whilst thus, he
Continues, Aristius Fuscus, a dear friend, approaches—
He knowing my leech too—whereat, we then halting,

"Quo tendis?" rogat et respondet. Vellere coepi
Et prensare manu lentissima brachia, nutans,
Distorquens oculos, ut me eriperet. Male salsus
Ridens dissimulare: meum jecur urere bilis.
"Certe nescio quid secreto velle loqui te
Aiebas mecum." "Memini bene, sed meliore
Tempore dicam; hodie tricesima sabata: vin tu
Curtis Judaeis oppedere?" "Nulla mihi," inquam,
"Religio est." "At mi; sum paulo infirmior, unus
Multorum; ignosces; alias loquar." Huncine solem
Tam nigrum surrexe mihi! Fugit improbus ac me
Sub cultro linquit. Casu venit obvius illi
Adversarius et: "Quo tu turpissime?" magna
Inclamat voce; et "Licet antestari?" Ego vero
Oppono auriculam. Rapit in jus; clamor utrinque;
Undique concursus. Sic me servavit Apollo.

"Whence come you"?
"Where bound thus?" is asked and replied to, I clutching his toga,
Or squeezing his arms unresponsive, with nods, and distortions
Of eyelids, in hope of a rescue. The rogue but feigns archness,
And smiling, dissembles, whilst anger sets fire to my liver.
"Now surely, my Fuscus," I plead, "you've that secret quite private
To tell me?" "Yes, yes—I remember," he answers, "best wait tho'
Some more fitting time: why—*to-day* is the *thirtieth* Sabbath!
The circumcised-Jews, would you have me insult thus?" whereon, I,
"What matter? I've no superstitions." Then, Fuscus, "*I'm* weaker;
Just one out of many; forgive me, nay—later," Alas! how
This day dawned but sombre for Horace! Here Fuscus departs, with
The knife at my throat too! By chance, then comes raging,
The claimant, my chap a base villain proclaiming full loudly,
And yelling to me "You'll be witness?" for which I most truly
A willing ear offer. To court he next drags us, in clamor,
Whilst crowds rush from all sides, and—thanks to Apollo! I'm saved thus.*

*This diverting Satire is commonly accepted as affording a somewhat more direct illumination of certain distinctive phases of Horace's character than any other of his poems. For here may be seen a self-sacrificing patience, a loyalty, and a scorn of base motive—together with a solvent of humor—such as one would expect in his case, and other features that mark the well-bred gentleman of genial, rather than practical impulse. That the poem likewise affords local color, and character study, to an unusual extent, and possesses high literary quality, is equally obvious: the poet's own attributes being sharply contrasted with those of the coarse and greedy intriguer, and the picture, as a whole, effectively rounded-out by the chaff and fun of Fuscus. The translation is here a trifle liberalized, to accommodate the needs of a reported colloquy, and to supply for the English version such explanatory aid as is largely furnished by the inflections of the Latin. Mr. Crawford remarks—in *Ave Roma, Immortalis*—that "A part of the life of

Epist. 1. XX.

Vertumnum Janumque, liber, spectare videris,
Scilicet ut prostes Sosiorum pumice mundus.
Odisti claves et grata sigilla pudico ;
Paucis ostendi gemis et communia laudas,
Non eta nutritus. Fuge quo descendere gestis.
Non erit emisso reditus tibi. " Quid miser egi ?
Quid volui ? " dices ubi quis te laeserit ; et scis
In breve te cogi cum plenus languet amator.
Quodsi non odio peccantis desipit augur,
Carus eris Romae donec te deserat aetas ;
Contrectatus ubi manibus sordescere vulgi
Coeperis, aut tineas pasces taciturnus inertes,
Aut fugies Uticam aut vinctus mitteris Ilerdam.
Ridebit monitor non exauditus, ut ille
Qui male parentem in rupes protrusit asellum
Iratus : quis enim invitum servare laboret ?

Epistle I. XX.

(To his Book: Reflections on its probable Fate: His Own Origin, Appearance, etc.)

Vertumnus and Janus, my Book, you still wistfully gaze at:
Forsooth, to be sent forth, with Sosian pumice due-polished!
My keys too, you hate; ay, all seals that are liked by the modest,
And, shown but to few, you lament, whilst the public shops praising,
Though never thus nurtured: Be off, then, where pining to sink to!
Yet ne'er you'll return, once thus publish'd—"Poor wretch what have *I* done?"
"What meant I"? You'll say there; when critics have stung, when you find you're
Some narrow space squeezed in; your lovers all cloyed, and sated.
Nay, still (if, through hate of your folly, the augur may rave not)
Caressed you will be here in Rome till your bloom has departed,
But when once bethumbed by the hands of the vulgar, and dirtied,
Then haply, in silence, the lazy moth's food you become, nay
Or Utica flit to; be bundled away to Ilerda!
Then laugh must your monitor, now disregarded, as he who
His obstinate ass from the edge of the rocks once pushed over
When angered; for who can e'er labor to save the unwilling?

---

the times is in the little story, and anyone may stroll to-day along the Sacred Street, past the Basilica and the sharp turn that leads to the block of old houses where the Court House stood between St. Adrian's and San Lorenzo in Miranda. Anyone may see just how it happened, and may know how Horace felt when the Bore buttonholed him at the corner of the Julian Basilica till his final deliverance near the corner of the Triumphal Road, which is now the Via di San Gregoria."

The late Mr. Sellar, in his "Horace and the Elegaic Poets," pronounced this Satire to be the "happiest specimen of Horace's dramatic manner," and added that "It brings a scene of real life before us with the vividness of Catullus and even with finer irony."

Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem
Occupet extremis in vicis balba senectus.
Cum tibi sol tepidus plures admoverit aures,
Me, libertino natum patre et in tenui re,
Majores pennas nido extendisse loqueris,
Ut quantum generi demas virtutibus addas ;
Me primis Urbis belli placuisse domique ;
Corporis exigui, praecanum, solibus aptum,
Irasci celerem, tamen ut placabilis essem.
Forte meum si quis te percontabitur aevum,
Me quater undenos sciat implevisse Decembres
Collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lollius anno.

And, this too, awaits next, that lads, learning rudiments, later
Will find you, o'ertaken by stam'ring old age, in far suburbs!
Say thus (if, with luck, a warm sun shall have brought you some list'ners)
That I, with a freedman as father was born; from scant- 20
fortunes,
And far from the home-nest, my wings spread. Then show me—since best t'were,
That what you thus take from my birth, to my virtues you add—by,
The chiefest, in peace or in war, of the City, e'er favored:
Though little of stature; soon grayhaired; aye fond of the sunshine,
And prompt in my temper, but quickly placated however. 25
If any should chance to enquire my age then, that I had
Some forty-four months of December (pray tell them) completed,
When, colleague to Lollius, Lepidus duly installed was.

"Vertumnus", and "Janus", respectively indicated a statue and a structure, standing near the Forum, the latter perhaps in the Argiletum, and are here referred to as generally suggesting the booksellers' quarter. The Sosii Brothers were the poet's publishers, and their pumice was used to smooth the edges of rolled-up parchment sheets. Horace's works appear to have been issued in editions of a thousand each, after he had attained popularity. Successful publishers of the time kept a large staff of expert copyists, chiefly slaves, to prepare books in such quantity. It will be seen, from a later note, that our poet's works shared with those of Vergil in popular use for the teaching of schoolboys.

THE EPISTLE TO THE PISOS.

This celebrated poem, or metrical-epistle; perhaps somewhat better known as the "Art of Poetry", was addressed to the elder of the two sons of Lucius Piso.

It is perhaps most commonly accepted as the last work of Horace, and assigned to somewhere near the close of his life, when, at about the age of fifty-seven (in A. U. C. 746, or B. C. 9) he was soon to fulfil a loyal promise, long before made to his friend and patron Maecenas, by following the latter into " the night that awaits us all ", of which, in one form or another, our poet so often wrote.

The Epistle to the Pisos would not appear to have been published until some little time after Horace's death, or to have been known until sundry years later by the sub-title of "The Art of Poetry", but the wide-spread acceptance, and the favor, which this interesting fragment of ancient literature have ever since enjoyed, were accorded from its first appearance before the public.

Young Piso, a patrician of wealth, with a distinguished father, and commanding prospects, was presently to begin a career, as statesman and leader, which, like that of his younger brother, was of a sad enough termination. At the moment, however, there were no clouds on his horizon, and, after the fashion of young men of promise and prominence, he was turning his attention to the poetic-arts: perhaps particularly to the forms of the same which concerned the drama.

Hence, no doubt, a consultation thereon, with the eminent Master, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, and the resulting advice, which happily has been preserved for us of to-day.

In this notable work—a poem probably more frequently discussed and translated than any of his others—Horace summed-up much of the philosophy of his earlier efforts,

and also presented the fruit of his maturer reflection. As an incident, too, he found opportunity for a Parthian shot or so at the rivals and critics who had obstructed his career.

The Epistle is supposed to have been left unfinished; is characterized by a certain lack of continuity, and, in its conclusion, wanders somewhat, whether in direct purpose, or in repetition of subject-matter and illustration.

Its general theory is obvious, but the structural plan may conveniently be separated into three main divisions: first, the need of unity and judgment in poetic conception; second, the requirement—particularly in dramatic works—of harmonious style, diction, and subject, and, third, a general disquisition on the various poetic forms, and the risk of short-comings therein, with examples, by way of wholesome warning to immature or otherwise ill-equipped practitioners.

Incidentally, there are many collateral views, expressed with originality and effectiveness, but these, together with the more obscure allusions, may best be examined in the various special studies of this Epistle which have been made by the commentators.*

That the Ars Poetica, as a preeminent feature of classical survival, and inherently of singularly comprehensive interest and application, has been of potent influence in subsequent literature—and indeed a fertile field for the gathering of apt and acceptable quotation—is sufficiently obvious. In point of fact, a certain familiarity with its contents has long figured by way of casual test, or as evidence, of cultivation and scholarship: enough so, at least, for what may be called a *prima facie* case, under the limited requirements of easy-going men of the world.

As already stated, the Poet is more particularly addressing himself to the elder of the two sons, but the brother and the father are assumed to be present during his discussion of the poetic and dramatic arts, methods, etc., which here follows:

* Sundry further views of the Author, on other phases of the literary arts, etc., of equal interest, and assembled with greater care and finish, will be found in his Epistle (I. II) to the Emperor Augustus.

THE EPISTLE TO THE PISOS

ON

THE ART OF POETRY.

If a head which is human and neck of a horse, then, a painter,
To join has will for; with variant plumage bespread too,
On limbs from all animals gathered, or with some unsightly,
Swart-fish he may finish a woman; begun with great beauty,
Could you, when this sight shown, withhold it your laughter,
my friends? Nay,
Believe me, ye Pisos, a book would such picture be closely
Resembling, if dreams like to those of a sick-man, a-jumble,
It offers, or notions fantastic that ne'er head nor foot of
To form may reduced be.

Both painters and poets,
Whatever they venture, you say, have like power of trying?
We know it, indeed, and the privilege grant, and make quest for,
But not that the gentle should mix with the savage; that serpents
Be mated with birds, or the tigers allied with the lambkins.
Full oft, grave beginnings, too pompously promising all things,
The purple, with one or two far-gleaming bits, show; in patches
Betagged for a finish, as if thus Diana's own grove, and her altar—
Or, mayhap, the flow thro' fair fields of meandering currents;
Rhine's river; the arch of the rainbow—are forced in description,
Tho' not now in place where they should be.

Perchance, too, the cypress
You draw, but what good, if a swimmer, *sans* hope, from a shipwreck
Afloat—and whose money is paid—be the aim of the painting?

A wine-jar is started,
Why then, with the turn of the wheel, does it end a small pitcher?
In a word, be your subject what will, make it uniform, simple.

For most of us poets—you, Father, or Sons of you, worthy—
Misled are, by semblance of right. I but try to be brief, and
I turn out obscure. He that aims at the polished, moreover,
Finds spirits and nerves both to fail him; intending sublime, is bombastic,
Or, fearful of storms, crawls the ground in his questing for safety:
Again, one who change of things seeks, in some marvellous manner,
Paints dolphins in woods, or a boar in the midst of the sea-wave:
To fault being led, if unskilled, in the effort to 'scape it.

Aemilius' School, near, some sculptor the nails of the fingers
Will show, and alike the soft hairs seek to render, in brasses,
Yet hapless his task thus in sum, for how e'er to complete it,
He'll know not. This man, were I craving a work to create now,
I'd no sooner be, than to live with a nose that is crooked,
Tho' gazed at for having black eyes, and the blackest of hair too.

Go choose then a subject, ye writers, to suit which you're equal,
Long turning in thought what your strength may decline, or conversely,

Your shoulders may fit. Him that wisely his theme has selected,
Not style will desert; nay, nor lucid array of his matter.
Thus ordered, both merit and charm will be found, if I err not,
Since here one may say just what things should be said, and moreover,
Let most others go, or at least, be waived off for the present.

This wooing, *that* spurning—for poems he's promised— the author
Next chooses his words; being dainty, and nice of discernment,
For distinction is gained, should he work out a neat combination,
Whereby what is trite may prove novel. Here too, should it happen,
That one must explain the complex by a term quite newfangled,
It follows that words once by cinctured Cethegus unheard of
May formed be. Nay, license is given to those who will modestly use it:
And even the latest coined words have their weight when they, haply,
Are Greek by descent, with but slight deviation.

What would you!
Caecilius, and Plautus, should Romans accord what they, Vergil,
And Varius, refuse? And if I but some few words acquire, why
Should I thus be envied, when seeing the speech of both Ennius
And Cato, our own native tongue has enriched, and for old things
New names has developed?

Thus lawful it is, and must ever remain so,
To give the mint stamp to whatever is presently current.

As leaves of the forest are changed, with the turn of the year time,
And the earliest fall: so an old race of words too, will perish,
That the new born may burgeon, may grow, as with youth on to manhood.

Alike doomed to perish are we, and our works too, no matter
Tho' free of our lands we make Neptune (to guard from the North wind our fleets)
With a labour full kingly; tho' marshes, long sterile and oar-vex'd,
The neighboring cities support now; as well, feel the weight of the plowshare;
Though changed from a course that endangers our fruits, be the river,
To better ways cautioned.
As works of us mortals thus vanish
Much less may have words then, an honour and charm more enduring:
Yet many of these shall revive that have fallen, and fall too,
Must others, tho' now in esteem, if the custom but wills it
Which sovereign is, both in right, and in standard of language.

Heroic achievements of leaders and Kings, and grim warfare,
To write, and next fit them to measures, was shown us by Homer:
To numbers unevenly joined was at first lamentation
Applied, and then later included the theme of desires that are granted:
But who now the scant elegiacs first published, as author,

Grammarians dispute, for the question is still under judgment.

Archilochus, Rage armed with his own, in the shape of iambics,
The measure assuming both sock and high-buskin, as fitted
For alternate speeches, and when with a populace striving;
Surmounting its clamors, and chiming with things to be acted:
The Muse, though, her lyre gives to gods, and their sons, and as well to
The boxer who conquers; a steed in the race that is foremost;
To wishes of youth, and to generous wine, for their apt celebration.

In keeping marked changes, and likewise for works their complexion,
If I prove unable; unlearnt, why salute me as Poet?
Why ignorance choose I, through modesty-false, more than learning?

Unwilling is verse, in its tragedy style, e'er things-comic to show you;
And likewise disdains it all strains too familiar, or near to
The buskin, to tell, as its story, the feast of Thyestes.

Each subject, such place as it suitably holds, let retain then,
Though sometimes, t'is true that its voice even Comedy raises,
And anger of Chremes delights in inflation of language:
While frequently wail, in a suppliant speech, do the tragic
Telephus and Peleus both, who when poor and in exile,

Aside threw their paint-pots, and all the big-syllabled words of their phrases,
If anxious the hearts of spectators to touch, with lamentings.

Not sufficient it is that your poems have beauty: of charm too,
They must be, to carry off with them soul of the list'ner—
For, truly, with laughter to laugh, and to wail with the weeping,
Must ever the countenance human.
You wish then my tears, mourn
Yourself, at beginning: for thus will your miseries touch me,
Telephus, or Peleus: and if you ill-speak your assignments,
I'll slumber, or smile.

And the accents of pathos best suit with
The visage in sorrow; of anger, alike with the threatening;
The sportive with wanton: the grave with expressions austerest.
Hence, Nature first inwardly forms us to note, and to follow
All changes of fortune. She prompts, or impels us, to wrath, or
To earth casts us down, with the weight of our grief and affliction,
And afterwards pours forth our souls, with the tongue to interpret.
If unfitting words thus are found in the lot of a speaker,
Both knights and plebeians of Rome will uplift you their laughter.

One varies next, greatly, if gods or if heroes be speaking;
A ripened old-man, or a lad who's aflush with youth's fervor;
The dame of importance; some nurse of a bustling demeanor;
A wandering merchant; the tiller of fields that are verdant;
The Colchian, or Theban, tho' bred in Assyria, or Argos.
Hence, follow tradition, or things self-consistent thus feign,
If a writer.

Perchance you would bring back the honor'd Achilles?
Then strenuous; wrathful, he must be; alike unforgiving and fierce too;
Denying that laws are for him, or that aught is, but what his arms yield him.
Medea, make cruel, unbending; and weeping be Ino;
Ixion perfidious, as Io, a vagrant—and sad too, Orestes.

If what to the stage is still new, you may venture, and dare thus
A character novel to form, be your care to preserve it
As started, and aye with itself, to the end, full consistent.

A difficult task t'is, to properly treat what's but common,
And better you'd render the verse of the Trojans in acts than
To launch into subjects unknown, and untouched, on beginning.
A theme, the most public, becomes your own matter of right, if
Its trifling and wide-open round you abstain from delay in,
Nor word for word rend'rings your care is to make, as the faithful
Interpreter might: nor, again, throw yourself like a mimic, in straits, whence
To draw back your foot you by shame, or the laws of your work, are forbidden.
Nor may you begin, like the writers of Cycles, of old, with
"The Fortunes of Priam I sing, and the Glories of Warfare,"
For what that is worthy may vaunting like this e'er produce you?
The mountain in labour—a mouse, its ridiculous issue!
How better for him then, who nothing inept is attempting:
Thus, "Sing me, O Muse! of the man, and the time after Troy was captive,
Who customs and cities of men, full a-many, had view of."

Not smoke from a blaze, but as well that the smoke shall illumine,
Thinks he, so that therefrom to show you his miracles beauteous—
Antiphates ; Scylla ; Charybdis, and with them a Cyclops—
Nor yet Meleager's demise will he give as the date of
Diomed's return ; make from Leda's two eggs rise the war of the Trojans,
But always haste on, to the end, through the midst of events too—
With hearers—yet otherwise not than as subjects familiar,
And what he despairs that his touch may still polish, omitting :
His fiction so formed, with the true and the false in due blend, that
The opening may fit with its suite, and the latter accord with the ending.

Woulds't hear what the public and I then, alike, are demanding—
Applause of spectators have wait you, at time of the curtain,
When the cantor shall make the appeal for our plaudits?
Then mark well the varying manners and ages, befitting
For proper decorum and ripening, in years of mutation.

The boy, just able his words to pronounce now, and treading
With firmness of foot on the ground ; fond of play with his fellows ; his anger
Caught up, and laid down, without reason, and subject to hourly changes :

A youth, still unbearded; at length from his tutor in freedom,
Rejoicing with horse and with dog, in the sun-burnished grass of

The Campus: as wax to be bent to his vices; to monitors rasping,
Or slow in regarding the useful; with money full reckless,
And haughty, and grasping alike; once belov'd things all prone to abandon:
Nay, men thus—aims changing, with age, and the spirit of manhood—
Alert are, for riches and allies; but slaves to their quest for new honors;
Of pledges grown wary, that haply may need their correction—

Much, too, must an old man surround with discomfort: behold him
Acquiring what's wretchedly kept, and abstaining, through fear of the using;
His affairs, how all these are but timidly, frigidly managed;
Delaying; hope languid; inert; of the future begrudging;
Morose, and of querulous mind; aye bepraising the days that
Have happened in boyhood, 'though punishing harshly the youthful.

Thus, much do the years of advance bring of benison with them—
And much take away, those of waning.

By chance, lest the parts for the elders
Be given to youths, or maybe, those of lads to full manhood,
One ever must dwell on what's apt for the age of the moment.

An action is shown on the scene, or, if elsewhere, thus told you:
More languidly enter the mind matters passed by the ears, than
Do such as to eyes that are faithful submitted, or those which

Spectators present to themselves. Yet, however, one must not
Parade on the stage what's unfit there : nay, much must be taken
From view, that full soon, with good taste, may be told to those present.
Medea, her sons, ne'er let slaughter, in face of the public,
Nor openly cook human entrails, indeed, the detested Atreus ;
And make not a bird out of Procne, or change to a snake either, Cadmus—
Whatever you show to me thus, unbelieving, I'll loathe it.

Ne'er less than five acts, nor yet, mark you, be spun out beyond this
Your play, should you want it approved, and, once seen, soon repeated :
Or gods interject, save where plots worth their weighty expounding
Shall happen : nor yet may fourth-persons make ventures in speaking.

Your chorus, the parts of the actors ; their duty as men, too,
Must foster; nor anything sing e'er, moreover, between acts,
That mayn't what's intended full aptly conduce or adhere to—
The good aye thus fav'ring, whilst giving advice to the friendly :
The angered, restraining, to cherish those dreading the sinful:
Must eke praise the meals of a table that's frugal, as also the fairness—
Of justice and laws, and of peace whereof gates are held open ;
All secrets entrusted, be keeping ; to gods make due prayers, and beseech that,
For misery, fortune return, and that pride, in its stead, be forsaken.

In old days, the flute—not as now, bound in brass, and of trumpets
A rival, but simple, and slender, and furnished with few stops,
When breathed as accompanying aid to the chorus, was useful, as also
For seats, that were yet not too crowded, to fill with its summons,
Where list'ners—few being the people—were easily numbered:
And frugal, and chaste, and full modest as well, might assemble.
But, after the nation began all its bounds to make wider, as victor;
Its cities more amply in walls to surround, and with wine-cup,
Its Genius to court—eke in festivals daily; unbridled—
There came for our measures of verse, and for musical tones, greater license;
Since what could unlearn'd, or free'd-laborers know of such matters;
The clown being mixed with the cit, and the base-born, as well, with the honored?

To arts that were ancient, both gesture and dress were then added,
And flute players dragged on the stage with them vestures more flaunting:
As well, for the lyre's grave tone new notation was figured,
And eloquence took on alike now, a manner both headlong and novel,
As useful to things, and sagacious: divining the future,
By oracles not greatly differing in Tone from the Delphic!

Who struggled in tragedy-verse—a vile goat for his prize—first,
Soon also wild Satyrs disclosed too, quite naked, and rasping as well: next,
(His Tragics left safe) made attempts with their jokes, as if, haply, such methods
Of charm and attraction were novel, and apt for beguiling
Spectators; from Rites now discharged, and both drunken and lawless.
Nay, truly, such mockers, thus brought on the scene to say jestings,
Behoves it, as Satyrs, who ever turn serious matters to ribald,
Not suffer—with whatever god, or what hero that's showing,
And recently seen in regalia of gold, and the purple—
To far over-step, with a lingo attaint by the reek of a tavern,
And, soaring from Earth, stop to stick in the fogs, or void-spaces.
For Tragedy, failing to treat with due caution such measures unworthy,
Is like to some Matron who dances on festival days, by command,
Midst like impudent Satyrs, and not without blushing to be there.

Not only unpolished, and most-current terms of expression, and words,
O ye Pisos, as Satire Play writer, shall I e'er be fond of;
Nor yet effort show to escape from a Tragedy-style, so
That no odds be made whether Davus is speaking, or whether
'Tis Pythias, brazen—who wheedled the talent from Simo—
Or keeper-and-servant, Silenus (a god for his pupil)
I'll follow my poem; invented from matter well-known, so that others
May hope to do likewise themselves, tho' their toil and sweating,

Be vain, when thus daring: so strong are the order, and sequence,
And grace, that such commonplace subjects must ever insist on.

Let Fauns, from the woods fetched, beware—if *I* judge them —that never,
As born of the cross-ways of cities; almost of the Forum,
In too tender verse; like our youths who are playing with gallantries, haply,
They venture, nor yet with obscenities, free and indecent, be jesting.
For thus are offended both Knights and the Fathers; the Rich too,
No matter though folk who fried peas munch, and buyers of nuts, may
Accept these with equable mind, or *their* wreaths they may offer.

A syllable long, when in sequence with shorter, is called an Iambus,
As rapid of foot; hence Trimeters, by order, have added
The name of Iambics, 'though yielding six beats when they're sounded,
And, first to the last, of a likeness. Then, not long ago, that
Yet slower and graver, a little, might these strike the hearing,
The steadfast-Spondee was admitted to rights as paternal,
But, willing and patient, 'twas bound n'eer its place, when a second,
To cede—lest as fourth—in leagued-friendship. This measure though, Accius,
In noble Trimeters, shows rarely: whilst those now, of Ennius,
When brought on the stage, have a ponderous weight in their verses,
As work too precipitate; lacking due care in the finish;

Accusing its author, moreover, of ignorance, artless and shameful.
By no means may all who see unbalanced poems, thus judge them:
And Romans have granted indulgence, unworthy their poets:
Yet, ramble, shall *I*, then, licentiously writing; think all men
That witness my faults will aye leave me quite safe, and ensconsed in
Secure hope of pardon? In brief, I've avoided blame, not
Made earning of praises.
But *you*: take your Grecian examples
By night in your hand, and, alike in the day turn them duly.

Your ancestors, mark you, of Plautus, both numbers and sallies,
Acclaimed far too patiently; whether the one or the other,
And foolishly (tho' I mayn't say it) admired these, if truly may
You and I rough things from smooth know; distinguish expressions,
Or sounds that are lawful with finger-beat, judge—and by ear test.

A measure, before then unknown to the Tragedy Muse, was invented,
T'is said—for his poems—by Thespis, who carted about those
That acted and sang in the same, with their faces bestained by the wine-lees,
And, following him, an inventor of masks, and of robes too, more seemly—
In short, t'was Aeschylus, he, both low stages of beams first constructed,
And taught the sublime to be spoken; how also to strut with the buskin.
Succeeded Old Comedy, next, then; and not without ample
Of praise, but soon lapsing to vice, from its license—to violence even,

Worth righting by law, which, enacted, disclosed us the chorus
Thus shamefully stilled; having cancelled its right of defaming.

Naught thus was unaimed at, you see, by our poets, nor truly,
Least worthy of honor were these, in that foot-prints of Grecians
They dared to forsake, and for matters domestic sing praises,
And, whether in dress of praetexta or toga, thus teach us.
Nor yet by its valor, and sheen of its arms, more potential,
Than ever by language, would Latium be, if not bored, one and all,
Were these poets with tedium of file-work, and patience.

O you, from Pompilius descended, reject pray, all verses that neither
Long days, and much scratching of pens, fail to better, nor haply,
By ten times the chast'ning of finger-nail-test, are unmeasured!

Is native born genius more blest then, than Art, with its mis'ries?
Nay, truly, who think so, and, likewise, that Helicon bars out sane poets,
(Democritus's notion) are chiefly of trimming their nails, and
Their beards, much neglectful; aloof hid, in nooks, from the baths too;
For he great esteem may acquire now; as well as the Name of a Poet,
Whose poll is past curing by three Anticyras, and never
To Barber-Lycinus commits it.

Alas, how unlucky!
I'm purged thus of bile, with the verdure and hours of the Springtime,

For else would none others the better be poems composing:
Yet, truly,
Small worth is it: therefore, I'll serve e'en as whetstone, instead, to
Make steel more acute, if not able to cut; and, moreover
Both duty, and method—though not myself writing—teach others:
Provide them with wealth, and what nurses and rounds-out a poet—
Becomes them, or not, and to virtue may tend, or make error.

In writing, sound judgment the fount is; the principle, ever:
And Socrates' papers can guide you, for choice of a subject,
Whilst words not unwillingly follow, where themes are well chosen.

He who's learn'd what he owes to his country, and what to a friend, or
What love is for parent; for brother; observance for strangers;
A senator's duty; the task of a judge, or the burden
Of one sallied forth to the war as a general, 'tis certain
Will know with his characters, each, how to draw and endow them.

A scrutiny first, in the methods of nature and manners, I'd order,
That learn'd imitators may lifelike expressions deduce thence:
For sometimes, mere commonplace sparkle, and morals well marked, tho'
Inelegant, lift plays which lack both a just weight and art in their structures,
And better exact from the people delight, and attention,
Than verses more barren in trifles of tune, and of matter.

To Greeks, was a genius granted; a style full rotund too,
By aid of the Muse, for pure speaking, tho' more they of praise avaricious.

Our Roman youth, practicing long, thus, a pound's weight, now, mark you,
To split into parts of an hundred, are learning. "I say, there!
O Son of Albinius: if I from five ounces, remove one,
Pray, what then is left?" He could answer, "Why, four." *I*, "Aha!
You are able to guard your affairs." "But, first *add* one, what happens?"
"Why, half the coined As." With such mind-rust, and hank'ring for moneys,
Thus tainting their souls, can we hope then for verses made worthy
Of rubbing with ointment of cedar; of keep in our smooth, cypress boxes?

Aye willing to profit; alike give delight, are the poets—
What's pleasant and useful for life thus supply, in their teachings.

Whatever your precepts, be brief; saying all things concisely,
That minds which are docile may see, and if faithful, retain them:
For vain superfluities flow from a breast that too full is.

Let fictions, for pleasure designed, ever nearest to truth be,
Nor whate'er it wills to propose, should your play claim belief for,
Like Lamia's dinner—a live child—drawn forth from her stomach.

Centurian-Seniors will grumble at what may be lacking of precept:
In turn too, all poems austere, are unrelished by Rhamnian-Knighthood.

He gains best the vote-mark who mixes the sweet with the useful,
And better his reader delights thus; admonishes likewise:
For publishers, money his book earns; to cross the wide seas next,
And fame, for its writer well known, thus prolong through the ages.

Yet still are there faults one must readily pardon: not always
May chords yield the sound willed by hand or intent of performer,
Whilst grave notes, however designed, ofttimes render but flat ones;
Nor certainly struck is the mark that a bow may have menaced.

If yet, much shines forth in a song, 'tis not I that some few of
Its spots take offense at, tho' whether by carelessness dropped, or
Humanity's failure in guard against nature. What, therefore,
Is here? Just as writings which old sins of copyists offer—
Despite former warnings—lack pardon, and players of harps too,
Are laughed at, if chords that are always at fault be repeated,
So, one who fails often, to me but Choerilus-like seems, and,
Though twice or thrice fair, yet to wonder and smile at: this, e'en if
I'm grieving, as when, by some chance, honest Homer be nodding—
Albeit, in long works, 'tis lawful that sleep may steal o'er one.

As with paintings, so poems are; some, that the nearer you're standing,

Best strike you, though others, if further away be your station:
For one an obscurity loves, whilst the next aye the light must be seen in—
As critics in judgment not fearing, however acute—yet,
Rejoicing you thus, its own mate will e'en tenfold repeat you this pleasure.

O youths; *you*, the elder (though each, by the voice of your Father,
For judging aright formed, and wise, too alike) this, pray keep in
Your mind, that for certain things, half-way and fairish degrees are
Of right oft allowed. Thus a counsel-at-law, or a pleader-
Of-causes, though middling in merit, and far from the eloquent
Messala may be; nor e'en like to Aulus Cascellius, learnéd,
Yet still in esteem can be held. Mediocrity's poets, however,
Scarce men, or the gods, or the bookstalls, concede an existence.

As at feasts, which are otherwise gracious, will discords in music,
And coarser perfumes, or Sardinian honey with poppies,
Offend one—because more prolonged were the banquet without these—
So poems, though framed and invented our spirits to charm, if
A trifle from summits they dip, will full speedily sink to the bottom.

In games, one who knows not, from Campus abstains, and its arms too,
Or, unskil'd at ball, and with quoits, or the hoops, stays his seat in,

Lest crowds may their laughter, with justice, uplift at the ring-side:
Yet—nowise of poems advised, he will venture to make them!
Why not, then,
He's free born; of family good, and is also in census of knighthood,
With total sesterces required, and from vice quite aloof too?

But *you'll* naught be doing, or saying now, surely, despiting Minerva—
Such being your judgment, and knowledge. If, however, sometime it happens
You're writing, t'were best to the hearing of Maecius descend, for his judging;
As well as your Father's, and mine, and aside too, for nine years' suppression,
Your parchments best lay: since, you see, its quite lawful, erasing
Whatever's not published, though words sent abroad ne'er return may.

Now wild men, were once; by the gods' own interpreter-sacred:
By Orpheus, indeed, from their slaughters, and diet inhuman, affrightened
—For this too, he's said to have tamed both the tigers, and furious lions—
Of Amphion, also, related—who founded the Citadel-Theban—that he e'en
The stones moved, by sound of his harp, and through dulcet persuasion,
To lead where he willed them.
And truly, 'twas wisdom once reckon'd

That things which are public, from private, discerned be; profane ones, from sacred;
All commerce promiscuous restrained too, and rights alike settled for marriage,
With cities planned out; having laws plainly carv'd on wood tablets.
For thus might due honor, and name, both, for poets divine and
Their verses, accrue. 'Twas thereafter, that Homer renowned, with
Tyrtæus, men's souls to heroic and martial achievements incited
By poems, and given in verses were likewise the oracles' sayings.

Thus life was then shown what its path is; King's favors as well, too,
Essayed by Pierian strains; and the games also founded, that hence might
Long labors of daytimes be ended.
This, say I, lest shamed you
Might be of the Muse's skilled lyre, or of Singer Apollo!

Yet, whether t'is Nature makes poems worth praising, or Art now,
Is questioned: nor see I what study, without a rich natural vein, or
Rude genius alone may avail, for, most truly, so much does the one from
The other need help, and so closely their friendships conspire too.
He who strives in a race, to attain goals long wished-for now mark you,
Has much done and suffered in youth, and eke sweated and shivered;

Abstained both from Venus and Bacchus. Who Pythian-strains chants
With flutes, was a learner at first, and his master in awe of.
Nor is it enough to be said, "I can wonderful poems compose—let
An itch take the hindmost!—For me, it were shameful if beaten,
And, since I've not learned, thus my ignorance dense be confessing."

As criers, their goods to sell, crowds will assemble, there ever
May flatterers thus be commanded, with bait, to adhere to a poet
Who's rich in estates, or in moneys laid out and at usury waiting:
Or if too, he's one who feeds well, whilst affording as freely, the
Bail-bonds for wretches in poverty's straights, thus to free them from gloom of
Their law-suit entanglements, truly, I'd wonder if he then, might ever
More happily know what distinguishes false friends from true ones.

If either you've given, or plan to be giving, hereafter, to some one,
Pray don't with your verse compositions present him, when brimming
With joyfulness: else must he clamor "How wise now, how charming and perfect!"
Turn pale at the sight of them; even distill friendly dew drops
From eyelids, whilst leaping, and beating the ground with his footsteps.
As mourners, when hired to weep at a funeral, say more

And *do*, almost always, than those who are grieving in heart will,
So flatterers further are moved than admirers true, thus.

Of kings, it is said that they urge, by their plenteous bumpers,
And torture with wine, whomsoever they seek to make test of;
As whether of friendship they're worthy.

If then, you frame verses, pray never
Let gull you such minds as, mayhap, with the foxes are lurking.

Quintilius, now: if you something recited, "Correct this, I pray you,"
He'd say—"and *this* also:" and then, that you better could do, you denied him—
With two or three efforts abortive—"Erase it," he'd order;
"Your badly-forged stuff to the anvil, to tinker your verses still further!"
And next, if defence, more than cure, of a fault, you had chosen,
No words more, or work, would be wasted in fruitless endeavor,
But you, without rivals, be left to the hugging of self, and of poem.

A man who is good, and is prudent, aye censures all spiritless pieces;
Condemning the harsh ones, and through the incompetent drawing his blackest
Cross pen strokes: alike all the fancies ambitious well pruning;
And ornaments too: thus for what is least clear gaining light, and moreover,
Arraigning what's doubtfully said, whilst he marks all the changes essential;
A true Aristarchus he'll be then: not saying "Why should I, my friends here,

Offend, for mere trifles?" albeit such trifles grave trouble, lead into,
As well as to evil, and ridicule ; treated in sinister manner.

Nay, look you, as one whom a loathsome infection, a jaundice, has seized on—
Or phrensy-fanatical, under the wrath of Diana—so shun'd e'er,
Mad poets must lonely remain, through the fear of their contact.
By wise men, however the children may jostle ; the witless pursue them.
And, if such his verses sublime should belch forth, whilst aroam, or
If fowler-like, keen on his game, he keeps on till he tumbles
In wells or in ditches—though shouting "Help, help!" and prolonging
His row with "Ho Citizens!"—none will there be who may care to uplift him.
For truly, should wish you such labor, and e'en drop a rope, then,
"How know you his purpose unwitting; thus flinging himself in a hole,
With no will to be saved?" would *I* ask, and, moreover, the Poet-Sicilian
Would tell of ; his death too, how—wishing a god of immortals they'd
Hold him—this cool Empedocles, the blazes of Ætna's volcano
Jumped into!

Let be, then, the right of a poet to perish, lest haply,
Who saves one, protesting, commits the same crime as his slaughter,

For, surely, if once the Pit tried thus, and pulled from, n'eer would he
A man be, again, and forego for a death so renowned his devotion.

Nor shows it, sufficiently, why any verses he makes, nay, nor whether,
Defiled his dead father's own ashes has he, or the lightning's sad markings
Removed with an impious hand—tho' assuredly raving, as bears might
In caves, when obstructed, with will to break down and escape through the gratings :
And learn'd, and unlearn'd, put to flight—this reciter, unsparing!
But whoever he grabs, he holds fast to ; and slays, with tenacious declaimings,
Unquitting of skin till he's gorged, as with blood, like the leeches.

Mr. Saintsbury remarks of the foregoing poem, and of the effect of Horace as critic, "the few hundred lines * * * are positively 'made of quotations.' Every man of letters, at least, ought to have learnt it by heart in the original during his youth. * * * It is not rash to say, although, perhaps one must have read more literatures and passed through more phases of literary judgment than one, before saying it with conviction—that there is no school or period of literary practice in which the precepts of Horace, when rightly taken, have lost, or are ever likely to lose, critical vitality. * * * To those who consider criticism as a whole and historically, the enormous influence which the *Ars Poetica* has exercised must always give it the prerogative place among its author's critical work. * * * " (History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe, Blackwood's, 1902, p. 226, Vol. I.)

THE FAMOUS JOURNEY OF HORACE.[1]

A. U. C. 717.—B. C. 37.

Egressum magna me accepit Aricia Roma. (Sat. I, V.)

(Reprinted, by permission, from the Second Year-Book of the Bibliophile Society, of Boston: with complete Recasting of the accompanying Translation.)

THE well-known fifth Satire, of the first book of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, deals with the poet's interesting journey to Brundusium in the exceedingly choice company of Maecenas, Vergil, *et alii*, and is commonly held to have concerned some of the weightier matters of State, during an intensely dramatic period of Roman History.

An analysis of the story thus narrated,—of which a fairly literal English rendering, in accord with the latest expert translation, is here appended for convenient reference—with notes thereon of findings and conclusions by various translators and commentators, should prove of interest. All the more so, perhaps, since the learned writers thus concerned, even when enjoying the cumulative advantages of continued historical criticism, generally fail to accord a due importance to the narrative. As a matter of fact, but few of them seem to have caught its deeper interest and probable meaning, or to have thought it worth while to bestow more than a touch and go of passing remark upon these features of the rough-hewn, cameo bit of treasure-trove thus preserved in its quaint, Old World setting.

Such an analysis; after the fashion of a lawyer's brief of fact, or law, or precedent, necessarily rests upon the reports and learning of others, without pretence of new discovery or special scholarship. It may therefore find excuse or tolerance, even in a field which, like this, is so largely preempted by special students.

In any case, there is presumably room therein for further delving and piling-up at the hands of new and minor workers—

sicut
Parvula, nam exemplo est, magni formica laboris
Ore trahit quodcunque potest atque addit acervo.[2]

Or, for further small contributions, such as the coral-polyps make when building their islands. It is at least safely conjecturable that (especially in the latter case) the latest comers enjoy more chance of light, and of view—even if this be of a superficial character—than those who have had to work among the roots, and to lay foundations. The late Professor Fiske, it will be remembered, gracefully remarked on the general subject of modern historical investigation that we, of the present time, may see further than the giants of former days, because we stand on their shoulders. Let us now climb up and have a glimpse.

Thus, taking those only of undoubted proportions, or the chief, and fairly representative, authorities, we find the ponderous stylist, Gibbon—albeit himself a faithful Horatian—affording only flippant results. He wonders, indeed, as to sundry incidents of the Horatian narrative, how "a man of taste" could "reflect on them the day after"—a verdict cited with approval, as late as 1895, by Prof. Tyrell[3] (who, indeed, sees little more in the Satire than a rehash of the earlier Lucilian travel-poem). Again, the Rev. Mr. Macleane suggests,[4] merely, that it is "an amusing account" etc., the Smart-Buckley version,[5] that it supplies "a most amusing description of travellers' miseries . . . . an entertaining picture of the domestic [sic] habits of the wealthier classes of the Romans during the Augustan Age." So, too, Sir Theodore Martin, in his earlier work,[6] finds here only "a graphic record" of the journey, although, in his later one,[7] this meagre comment is more justly amplified to "a most interesting glimpse of some of the familiar aspects of Roman life and manners, without which we would otherwise have known nothing." Professor Conington, like various others,[8] is silent on the

point; Mr. Simcox[9] asserting that "Horace and his friends seem to see no more by the way than other travelers", and that "his hints at the importance of the Maecenas Mission give the zest of incongruity to the petty discomforts of his suite." Dean Wickham, the latest and most minute—as well as authoritative—of the British commentators,[10] finds room for only the curiously myopic view (which appears, however, to have originated with Orelli[11]), that "a chief purpose" of Horace's account is "doubtless to give a picture of the poet's relations to Maecenas, the freedom and absence of servility which characterized them: the literary circle in which they were shared, the absence, even at a critical moment, of any political bearing in the intimacy."

On the other hand Ritter[12] comes nearer the mark. He, although apparently assigning as a leading motive of the poem the desire to create "a monument of the friendship recently obtained with Maecenas," still saw in it a "prudent man's caution" as to disclosing no more of the "public affairs" thus concerned, than would show the "general purpose of the trip."

Hindorf, as quoted, however, with disagreement by Orelli (cited *supra*) concludes that the Satire was not intended for publication, or otherwise than as a "souvenir of the trip" for Horace's intimate friends.

Kirchner,[13] too, decides that the "interesting events" of the story were "depicted" by Horace, merely "for the amusement of his fellow travellers."

From these cautious, and apparently inadequate conclusions of the Britons and Germans, one turns with relief to those of their neighbors, the French essayists and commentators. There may thus be found, in M. Janin's somewhat impressionist conception[14] what would seem to be greater force and discernment, whether or not this might have been due, in his particular case, to a sympathetic instinct of race and language kinship, rather than to the scholarly critical capacity for which so many of his countrymen have been distinguished in this and other fields. From him we learn that the Satire is "une pièce de vers

facilement écrite, mais terre-à-terre et toute remplie de singuliers détails. Cependant " (that is to say, as soon as one begins to appreciate the scene; its personnel, etc.) "vous verrez soudain cette narration sans art, on peut le dire, et d'une brutalité dont on ne trouverait pas un second exemple dans l'œuvre entière d'Horace, prendre à vos yeux un intérêt presque solennel."

Why not an *interest*, almost *solemn?* And this, whether Maecenas' present mission was in fact, as many have held,[15] directly from C. Iulius Cæsar Octavianus to one Marcus Antonius —presently hovering, with a threatening fleet, off Tarentum—or may only certainly be said to have concerned *some* weighty affairs of "Magna Roma," the mistress of a World which was then sadly stained with the bloodshed of recent Civil War, and pining for a settled peace between her rival rulers.

In any event, the "brutality" of the narrative, its uniqueness as an Horatian poem, and the singularity of certain of the details of the (perhaps designedly) artless composition, must be admitted, what with the distasteful fooleries of the clowns—and the still more unpleasant incident of the laggard πορνη of the inn—which mar its easy-going hexameters.[16] But the interest, and the solemnity of the story should as freely be allowed.

For, truly, one must be burdened with a dull, insensate soul who fails to stir with at least a touch of strange and wondering emotion over these intimate, day-by-day, glimpses of such a group, in such a function, at such a time.

Vergil, Horace, Maecenas! With Heliodorus, Cocceius, Varius and Capito: seven men only, but all of light, leading and potency, and destined to supply nearly a moiety from their trifling number, to be ever remembered, where other myriads might come and go in oblivion; two of them, indeed, being poets whose works were to shine throughout the ages in a resplendent field of inspiring and dominant literature.

Nor is the personnel of this group—quite aside from

an overshadowing Vergil and Horace—such as may be lightly left aside. Maecenas, however indebted to the far-resounding Horatian-trump for his chief chance of enduring recollection, was none the less a man of highest consequence, later to be the potent minister of great Augustus. Heliodorus, supposed to have been a noted authority on the Grecian metres and language,—and, by some authorities, to have been here selected for special assistance to Maecenas, at Athens—is not clearly defined in ascertained history, but Cocceius, and Capito as well, thus make a considerable figure. It is related of the former[17] that he, a well-known jurisconsult, had already served his august master in an earlier adjustment with the conflicting Antony, and that he was probably the M. Cocceius Nerva, who was Consul in B. C. 36; great-grandfather of the Emperor of like *nomen gentile*. Plutarch has told us of this Capito, and of his escorting one Cleopatra to an awaiting Antony: a pleasant duty, suggesting a later idyl of Launcelot and Guinevere, but equally of peril, perhaps—unless the "Star-eyed Egyptian," by some modern process of historical rehabilitation, may prove, after all, to have merited a Prix-de-Monthyon. Varius, just now enjoying a great and growing fame as a writer of epics, was, of course, the remaining member of Maecenas' famous triad of domesticated poets.

That M. Janin's French insight should also have discerned the *graves intérêts*, underlying the important journey which Horace thus relates, might have been expected, and indeed, another Frenchman, the learned Baron Walckenaer, had already hinted that Maecenas was not devoid of good reasons of his own for his present manner of travel. But it is indeed strange, that, of the other commentators, Sir Theodore Martin alone seems to lay stress upon the gravity of the attendant crisis.

And yet, however serious the situation, there is no clear evidence as to exactly what feature of it this particular mission was, or whether, indeed, it certainly concerned a proposed reconciliation between the contest-

ants Antony and Octavianus. Horace's own account, as may be observed, is discreetly silent in this regard. We have from him the fact that a journey from Rome to Brundusium was thus made, in association with the experienced harmonizers here specified, and on weighty concerns: "Maecenas . . . atque Cocceius, missi magnis de rebus," and "aversos soliti componere amicos." But otherwise there is only scanty light for the guidance of those who may further seek to investigate the point under the obscuring mists of antiquity.

It is known that Maecenas was charged with an embassy of like purpose, resulting in the Peace of Brundusium, of B. C. 40, between the same parties in controversy, but it is equally well established that Horace had not thus early been admitted to the charmed circle of the great man's friends, and that he therefore could hardly then have accompanied him.[18]

If, however, as the weight of earlier authority and of much opinion seems to incline, the present journey, which must have occurred about B. C. 37, concerned a so-called treaty of Tarentum,—whither Antony had gone with his fleet of three hundred vessels, on being ill-received at Brundusium,—the case is simpler, since by this time our poet was duly of the elect, as a protégé of Maecenas, and thus qualified to join and report his embassy.

In a careful summing up of the attainable evidence affecting these questions, Dean Wickham seems to find the matter still open for debate, and, it should be observed, even approvingly cites an alternative hypothesis (of Shütz[19]) to the effect that whatever meeting there may have been with Antony, as to this latter treaty, occurred at Athens, the concern of Horace therein being probably no more than to accompany his chief to a convenient Italian port of embarkation.[20] However this may be, there is another salient feature of the interesting narrative which seems to have escaped the notice of all the commentators except the acute Frenchman first above referred to. This is the truly extraordinary difference

between the sordid travel circumstances here related, and what should have attended men of the rank thus concerned, under the usual conditions of their time and environment. In this regard, Baron Walckenaer advanced a suggestion that the recent civil wars had here disorganized the transport and relay service of the state, but the point is perhaps more effectively—or at least picturesquely—made by M. Janin, to whom we may again appropriately give heed: " De tout ce récit, moitié sérieux, moitié grotesque, vous tirerez comme nous cette conclusion, qu'il est en effet très-étonnant qu'un grand seigneur comme Mécène, qu'un épicurien comme Horace, qu'un admirable égoïste comme Virgile, aient voyagé d'une façon si misérable. Où était donc la fortune, où était donc le respect qui devaient entourer nécessairement des hommes si haut placés dans la confiance et dans l'intimité de l'Empereur?"

M. Janin thus implies, rather than directly asserts, that the voyaging of a grand seigneur of the time was commonly made under more luxurious conditions.

On this feature one may safely call sundry competent witnesses as to the doings of personages who lived, and moved, and had their being, at, or reasonably near this same period.

Thus Cicero records of Milo, that his carriage was attended by an entire company of domestic priests, etc.;[21] Plutarch (and Cicero as well) that Marc Antony's traveling retinue exceeded all bounds of reason (including, in the charge of the latter, the old gossip about one Cytheris)[22, 23] Suetonius, that Caesar required a movable mosaic parquet for his camping-tent;[24] that Nero voyaged with a thousand carriages;[25] Pliny, that Poppea used the milk of five hundred accompanying asses for her daily bath en route;[26] and Cicero, again, that the outfit of the feather-headed P. Vedius was quite too unreasonably fantastic.

That in respect of these luxurious travel-accessories (including retinues of male and female slaves, lavish pro-

fusion of figurines, vases, silks, perfumes and precious ornaments, not to mention couches, baths, dice-tables, books, and a fastidious cuisine) the leading Romans were closely followed by all others who could afford to imitate them, as, likewise, that the luxury and display of Rome generally, were at high water mark at this very period, may be readily gleaned from the entertaining pages of the learned Friedlaender.[27]

So much for the luxury of this epoch, and the travel-ameliorations that Horace and his friends would doubtless have enjoyed on the present occasion, but, probably for good and sufficient reason, dispensed with, under a restraint which—like his reticence over the burning questions of the time—we may never find specifically explained. And yet, even in the absence of such explanation, one may reasonably surmise what the essential reason must have been. Indeed, it is odd enough, that, of all of the forty or more commentators, from the Scholiasts down to those of the present time, whose works have been examined for the purposes of this paper, none have advanced an hypothesis in this regard which seems at once most simple—and obvious, as well as here fully warranted.

This, of course, is that Maecenas and his party were thus purposely voyaging under studiously unobtrusive circumstances—in such manner, indeed, that if not reasonably likely to pass wholly incognito, with such an exalted personnel, and on such a frequented highway, there still might be a measurable freedom from sensational remark, and in any case, if need be a better scope for subsequent *high official disavowal.* That confidential errands of the sort must have been common enough, during these intriguing times, is as obvious as that, in the nature of things, they would seldom be recorded, or their records preserved. We find, however, Cicero's mention of Balbus, the younger, directly on the point: his "*secret mission,*" namely, "to the Consul Lentulus, from Caesar, with a letter, a message, and a promise of a province."[28]

Horace tells us of the haste, to leave Fundi (perhaps, like Cicero's departure from Rome of a few years earlier, "before daylight, to avoid all gazing and gossip")[29] where lay in wait that officious Jack-in-office, Aufidius Lusco, who, by the way, does not appear to have been actually met, in person. But the poet has nothing whatever to say of any local, official-receptions, such as Maecenas would ordinarily have received along the route. In point of fact, the singular reticence of the narrative on all political or public matters, which has been sometimes rather captiously remarked, would seem to sufficiently indicate that there was ample need and excuse for the studied caution thus observed throughout and concerning the journey.

That Horace himself had abundant grounds for his guarded report and discreet comment, quite aside from what may have here been enjoined upon him, as likewise for the minutest circumspection of personal demeanor at this particular period, is equally obvious. The times were parlous; it behooved to gang warily. Especially if one valued one's head, where those of greater apparent consequence were falling, on all sides, like autumn leaves.[30] A bolder life, as at Philippi, like his shield on the same occasion, had been tried by our poet, and found wanting,[31] inconsistent, perhaps, with that epicurean philosophy he was about to more fully embrace. Then, too, he was but newly taken-on by the great Maecenas; must yet live down sundry awkward memories of his ill-fated attachment to Brutus, and also overcome an obscurity of origin which was only too apparent in the bright light of his present exalted associations.

Turning now, to the approximately metrical rendering of Sat. I, v, herewith supplied, it is hoped that this may find excuse in its close and self-denying observance of the text of the original story, and, in such aspect, sufficiently serve, as suggested, for the purpose of convenient present reference.

It finds its modest genesis in this apparent need, and

stands on the theory that *rhymed* versions are, generally, either meaningless jingles, or unwarrantable departures from, and inflations of, the original; that reasonably approximate metrical renderings, even if of slavish and awkward adherence to the meaning and the general order of the original text, are less repellent than mere unmeasured prose; and finally, that no English imitation consistent with these views is, as yet, elsewhere available.

M. Janin, it will be remembered, rightly asserts the unusualness of the particular product of the Horatian Muse here under consideration. Its author is said to have characterized it, in form, at least, as "rhythmical prose"; while Sir Theodore Martin, himself perhaps the best of the rhyming-translators, considers the work generally to be "mere narrative, relieved by humorous illustration." In any case, it will readily be observed that Satire I, V, sufficiently lends itself to the present form of close adherence, in English, and that, in turn, such treatment finds additional justification in fairly rendering the rough, and often trivial, features of its text. Here, too, fortunately for the present purpose, is an almost total lack of that amiable Horatian dogma; that half-satiric philosophizing on human and superhuman affairs, with deft and unexpected play of close-packed idea and metre, the well-known "Horatii curiosa felicitas," which ordinarily present such insuperable obstacles to adequate metrical, and other renderings of our old friend of the Sabine Farm. It is, in fact, the least attractive of the works of the poet, as well as one of the most difficult to agreeably present in English metrical form.

The long, seventeen-verse interlude of the Buffoons—which, of course, may readily be found, if desired, in any of the prose translations—is here designedly omitted. This on the theory that it is not essential to the present discussion, albeit interesting, and valuable, as a picture of men and manners of the time. Otherwise, however well such features may have served to awaken interest, in an environment of *autre temps, autres mœurs*, they alas—like the

ponderous humor of the Shakespeare clown; the famous "Grouse in the Gun-room," and a thousand other by-gone pleasantries—drift too heavily down our modern stream of tendency to make effective flotsam now.

M. Janin found this episode "peu plaisante"; Horace, however, that thanks to it, "Prorsus jucunde coenam produximus illam." But, nevertheless, even wretched *horse-play* of the kind, may, as already suggested, here have served a sufficient, and serious present purpose; possibly like other strain relaxing jests of equal Homeric bluntness, such as are common enough on tense strung waiting or battle lines, and other ragged edges of human anxiety, of whatever times. As for the physico-psychological mishap, one can only say, *Delete.*

But the canal-boat episodes; the eye-smarting smoke, and threatened supper-calamity; like the gritty bread, the rain-soaked travel-route, and even the stiff local "yarn" designed for passing voyager's consumption—especially of the sort always and everywhere kept in stock by priests—are of those touches of nature that make the whole world kin. One may, indeed, find the modern counterpart of each and all of them, to-day, whether in American canal-packets, Chinese house-boats, rural-inns, or other concomitants of primitive travel at home or abroad. Even the black-anointed eyes are observable, as, for example, among the Indians of the Alaska coast, when these aborigines are on an outing.

Truly. as an old writer has said, "Horace had an admirable Talent of painting Things according to Nature and Truth".[32]

"Ad unguem factus homo": here is an oft-quoted phrase from the present satire which has crept into later languages in curiously distorted form. Thus, the English, "a man to his finger-tips," and the French equivalent of "jusqu'au bout des ongles," etc., although here originating in a widely different conception—an external perfection of flawless polish, namely, such as sculptors, and workers in artificially smoothed surfaces, sought

to determine by light application thereto of the nail-tips. Further, it is a somewhat curious fact that, owing to the peculiar texture of the local millstones, Swinburne, a modern traveler, finds the bread of Canusium still of gritty composition. Barium, the Bari of present times, remains as fishy as of yore, but, unhappily for some of us later, competing Christians, the Apella of nowadays no longer connotes a confiding simplicity.

We have seen that Gibbon (who, however, has been described as destitute of the "enthusiasm of humanity") failed to see much in Horace's homely narrative. That he did so fail, and as well that his was doubtless the prevailing point-of-view of his time, marks effectively how far we of to-day, avid as we are of just such simple human revelations, have drifted from the older standards.

To us, the "drum and trumpet" style; the "celebration of the imposing events of history with congenial pomp of description," like the "ampullas et sesquepedalia verba," of which Horace speaks, no longer block the way of unadorned simplicity and human realism, where these appeal for sympathetic hearing.

But the old canons of "taste," and "elegance," and "art" (like the notions of rhymed translation) die slowly. Nor is it, perhaps, to be expected that aloof workers among the arid materials of the academic closet will stop to consider picturesque possibilities.[33] Yet even these gentlemen, and our truly great historian too, would doubtless have awakened to some warmer glow of appreciation had Horace but substituted for his sorry Messius and Sarmentus stuff—as, alas, he might have done, but did not—an equal number of lines concerning his and Vergil's freehand, private conversation.

One might halfway guess what this may have been, or, better, frame its semblance with apt quotations from the heap so freely afforded by their respective works, however much, in fact, the real thing must now, unhappily, remain another and an untold story.[34]

But what a picture! The two young poets about to "desipere in loco" at Capua, having, if only for a fragment of that far off daytime, escaped their duty with *le Patron*.

> "Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici
> Nec partem solido demere de die
> Spernit . . ."

Their companion, Varius, as it might seem, remained to help Maecenas with his game of ball. Him we find, later, presented with a million sesterces for the tragedy of "Thyestes," but he and it are now in effect forgotten. As to his truant mates, we know how they have fared, for has not Horace said of himself, with pardonable pride, and justest prophecy:

> "Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
> Vitabit Libitinam : usque ego postera
> Crescam laude recens . . ."[35]

Of the more retiring Vergil, let another Master speak:

> "O degli altri poeti, onore e lume,"[36]

"Virgil has been the object of an adoration amounting almost to worship, but he will often be found on the shelf, while Horace lies on the student's table, next his hand."
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

NOTES.

[1] Horace was at this time in his 28th year, and had lately won the friendship of his famous benefactor and patron Maecenas, on the joint introduction of Vergil and Varius. The Satires were among his earliest published works, appearing, however, after this period. He was now adjusting his life to new and anxious conditions, arising out of the then recent death of Caesar and the rise of Octavian, having followed Brutus from Athens to his defeat at Philippi, where the poet had served as a Tribune, under that disastrous leadership.

[2] Sat. I, 1, 33.

[3] Latin Poetry Lectures, by R. Y. Tyrell, p. 175. Boston, etc., Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1895.

[4] Quint. Horatii Flacci, Opera Omnia, with Commentary by the Rev. J. A. Macleane. London, Whitaker & Co., 1874.

[5] Works of Horace, by C. A. Smart, etc. Revised with Notes by Theo. Alois Buckley. London, Geo. Bell & Sons, 1879.

[6] The Odes of Horace, with Life and Notes by Theodore Martin. Boston, Ticknor & Fields, 1861.

[7] Works of Horace, Translated by Theodore Martin. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, 1888.

[8] The Satires, etc., of Horace, Translated, etc., by John Conington. London, Geo. Bell & Sons, 1883.

[9] History of Latin Literature, etc., Geo. Augustus Simcox, Fellow of Queen's Coll., Oxford. Harper Bros., New York, 1890.

[10] The Works of Horace, with Commentary by E. C. Wickham, Vol. II. The Claredon Press, Oxford, 1891.

[11] Orelli, revised by Baiter, and by Mewes, 4th ed., 1892; note, on V, 28.

[12] Ritter. 2 Hor. Fl. Introduction to Sat. V, ed. of 1866.

[13] Horaz Satiren. Leipzig, 1855, ed. C. Kirchner, Vol. 2, p. 175.

[14] Les Œuvres d'Horace, par Jules Janin. Paris, Librairie des Bibliophiles, 1868.

[15] *Vide* the Life, by Desprez, and Mme. Dacier's Notes in the Delphin edition, and frequent subsequent writers.

[16] That this coarseness, although appropriate to the time, was not a characteristic of Horace, and was sloughed-off in his maturer evolution, need hardly be pointed out to his admirers, who may see on this head, and also as to the "artistic vulgarity" of the earlier style, the remarks of Mr. Mackail in "Latin Literature," p. 109 (New York, Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1895). Hindorf, as we have seen above, concluded that this particular poem was merely composed for private circulation among friends.

[17] *Vide* Wickham, cited *supra*.

[18] See Q. Hor. Fl. Sermonum et Epistularum, Lucian Müller, 1891, p. 67.

[19] Horatius, ed. Schütz. Berlin, 1881, p. 63.

[20] Horace, unfortunately, does not appear to have continued farther than Brundusium, and, as will be observed, has nothing to say of either Athens or Tarentum.

[21] Cicero. Pro Milone, Ch. X.

[22] Plutarch. Marc Antony, Ch. IX, 4.

[23] 2d Philippic, XXIV, Letter to Atticus.

[24] Suetonius. Caesar, Chap. XLVI.

[25] Suetonius, Nero, Ch. XXX.

[26] Pliny. Nat. Hist. XI, 238, etc.

[27] Prof. Friedlander's Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms, 7th ed., Leipzig, 1901. From this instructive work—an evening's perusal of which will supply sufficient learning and local color to equip a whole school of Quo-Vadian fictionists—it further appears that hotels, although established in plenty along this and other tourist-routes of the period, were not such as Maecenas and his friends would have endured without cause, it being the habit of their kind to occupy the villas of themselves, or of their friends, like Cicero's "little box" at the Sinuessa of the narrative, or that of Murena, mentioned therein. Various interesting details are likewise here given as to such inns, etc., among these being a traveler's morning bill—such as Horace might have received had he not been disappointed at Trivicum—as follows: "Copo, Computemus.—Habes vini sextarium unum, panem,—assem unum, pulmentarium,—asses duos,—convenit,—Puellam, asses octo. Et hoc Convenit—Faenem mulo asses duos. Iste mulos me ad factum dabit (!)."

[28] Cicero to Atticus, Vol. II, p. 291. Shuckburg translation.

[29] Caesar to Atticus, Vol. II, p. 240. Shuckburg translation.

[30] Cicero's vexed, and vexing, life of 63 years had recently been thus summarily snuffed out, and with it that of his brother Quintus, whom "every school-boy knows" as Caesar's capable lieutenant in the fine defence of the winter quarters of his legion, against Ambiorix (De Bello Gallico, V, XXXIX). So, too, with those of thousands of others in the path of the sanguinary Octavius and the Triumvirate.

[31] Car. II, 7.

[32] D. Watson's Translations, etc. London, 1743.

[33] One finds Mr. Simcox—cited *supra*—remarking, apropos of the present Satire, that "the sort of interest of a Dutch picture is never a permanent interest in literature."

[34] Landor's "Imaginary Conversation," between Virgillius and Horatius, suggests but only sketches this.

[35] Car. III, 30, 6–8.

[36] Dante's "Inferno," Canto I, 82.

Sat. I. V.

Egressum magna me excepit Aricia Roma
Hospitio modico ; rhetor comes Heliodorus.
Graecorum longe doctissimus ; inde Forum Appi,
Differtum nautis cauponibus atque malignis.
Hoc iter ignavi divisimus, altius ac nos
Praecinctis unum ; minus est gravis Appia tardis.
Hic ego propter aquam, quod erat deterrima, ventri
Indico bellum, coenantes haud animo aequo
Exspectans comites. Jam nox inducere terris
Umbras et caelo diffundere signa parabat ;
Tum pueri nautis, pueris convicia nautae
Ingerere. "Huc appelle !" "Trecentos inseris : ohe
Jam satis est !" Dum aes exigitur, dum mula ligatur,
Tota abit hora. Mali culices ranaeque palustres
Avertunt somnos, absentem ut cantat amicam
Multa prolutus vappa nauta atque viator
Certatim. Tandem fessus dormire viator

Satire I. V.

(The Journey to Brundusium)

Set forth from great Rome, first Aricia offered me welcome,
In hostelry modest—with Heliodorus, the Rhetor,
Of Greeks far most learnéd—and thence to the Forum-Appii,
Aswarm with its watermen, as with the rascally vintners.
This journey we idly divide—though but one, for those better
Begirded—the Appian thus much less troubling slow trav'lers:
Here I next, because of the water, which vile was, my stomach
Made war on: by no means with equable mind, when at supper,
The company watching.
Lo, Night, to enshroud all the Earth o'er
In shadows—the Heavens, with stars to besprinkle—prepares!
And,
The servants with boatmen; the boatmen with servants, in turn, their
Reflections exchange too—
"O come, now!"—"Three hundred you've let in?"
"Enough, there!"
Whilst fares are collecting; our mule, as well, harness'd
An hour has vanish'd. The cursed mosquitoes and marsh frogs,
Next fend off all sleeping, while sing—to their mistresses-absent—
A Bargeman, well-soaked with stale wine, and some one of our trav'lers,
In contest. At length, when the passenger wearies, by slumber

Incipit, ac missae pastum retinacula mulae
Nauta piger saxo religat stertitque supinus.
Jamque dies aderat, nil cum procedere lintrem
Sentimus, donec cerebrosus prosilit unus
Ac mulae nautaeque caput lumbosque saligno
Fuste dolat: quarta vix demum exponimur hora.
Ora manusque tua lavimus, Feronia, lympha.
Millia tum pransi tria repimus atque subimus
Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur.
Huc venturus erat Maecenas optimus atque
Cocceius, missi magnis de rebus uterque
Legati, aversos soliti componere amicos.
Hic oculis ego nigra meis collyria lippus
Illinere. Interea Maecenas advenit atque
Cocceius Capitoque simul Fonteius, ad unguem
Factus homo, Antoni non ut magis alter amicus.
Fundos Aufidio Lusco praetore libenter
Linquimus, insani ridentes praemia scribae,
Praetextam et latum clavum prunaeque batillum.
In Mamurrarum lassi deinde urbe manemus,
Murena praebente domum, Capitone culinam.

O'ertaken, the mule's sent to graze, altho' hitched to a stone, by
Our lazy Bargee, who himself stretches snoring supinely.
When comes then, the daylight, and nothing advanced is the boat, thus
We see, one amongst us, hot-headed, ashore leaps, and forthwith
Both Bargee and mule, on the loins and head, betrims smartly
With clubs from the willows.
At last, by the fourth-hour scarce landed,
Our faces and hands then we lave in thy Fountain, Feronia!
And, breakfasting, three miles creep upward, and on, till we enter
Where—built on her far-gleaming rock-piles, and shining—lies Anxur.
For here was arriving Maecenas, and also most worthy
Cocceius; despatch'd as were both, on affairs of the greatest—
Thus Legates: accustomed their differing friends to compose too.

And here, I my wretched bleared eyes in a soothing, black ointment,
Must smear next—
But meanwhile Maecenas arrives: with him, also,
Cocceius, and Fonteius Capito—ever a man this
Ad unguem due-finished, and Antony's friend, as none other

Next Fundi (Aufidius Lusco, its *Praetor!*) most gladly
We quitted, in glee at that lunatic-scribe, and his trappings;
Praetexta, forsooth! with wide purple—and panfull of charcoal!
Till, wearied, awhile in Mamurra's own city we tarry;
Murena our shelter, and Capito, kitchen providing.

Postera lux oritur multo gratissima ; namque
Plotius et Varius Sinuessae Virgiliusque
Occurrunt, animae quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit neque quis me sit devinctior alter.
O qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt !
Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.
Proxima Campano ponti quae villula, tectum
Praebuit, et parochi quae debent ligna salemque.
Hinc muli Capuae clitellas tempore ponunt.
Lusum it Maecenas, dormitum ego Virgiliusque ;
Namque pila lippis inimicum et ludere crudis.
Hinc nos Cocceii recipit plenissima villa
Quae super est Caudi cauponas. Nunc mihi paucis
Sarmenti scurrae pugnam Messique Cicirrhi,
Musa, velim memores, et * * *
Contulerit lites * * * *
* * * * * * * *
Prorsus jucunde coenam produximus illam.
Tendimus hinc recta Beneventum, ubi sedulus hospes
Paene macros arsit dum turdos versat in igni ;
Nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam
Vulcano summum properabat lambere tectum.

The next day arose far most welcome indeed, for then duly,
Within Sinuessa did Plotius and Varius, with Vergil,
O'ertake us—bright spirits than whom none more candid has ever
Earth borne: nor to whom could one e'er be obliged more than I am—
Ah, here what embracings! And transports, how plenty! —To me, in
My senses, there's naught can compare with the charm of a friend thus.

The hamlet, which near the Campanian bridge is, a lodging
Affords next, with Purveyor's due of the wood and the salt too:
Our mules hence betimes then at Capua doffing their burdens.

To play, here Maecenas proceeds: I and Vergil to napping,
Since hurtful alike for weak eyes and digestions are ball games:
And later, Cocceius received us in villa well stocked, that
The Caudian taverns beyond lies.
Lo, here, for me briefly,
The combat t'wixt Buffoons Sarmentius and Messius Cicirrus
O Muse, I would have thee relate! * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
For so, on the whole, was this supper thus gaily protracted.

Then next, Beneventum straight onward we stretched for, the host there,
Too zealously turning lean thrushes at fireside, himself nigh
Ignites, whilst astray the old kitchen throughout—from a falling
Of embers—the Fire-god rushes, and strives the high-roof for;

Convivas avidos coenam servosque timentes
Tum rapere, atque omnes restinguere velle videres.
Incipit ex illo montes Apulia notos
Ostentare mihi, quos torret Atabulus et quos
Nunquam erepsemus nisi nos vicina Trivici
Villa recepisset, lacrimoso non sine fumo,
Udos cum foliis ramos urente camino.
Hic ego mendacem stultissimus usque puellam
Ad mediam noctem exspecto : * * *
* * * * * * *
Quattuor hinc rapimur viginti et millia rhedis,
Mansuri oppidulo quod versu dicere non est,
Signis perfacile est : venit vilissima rerum
Hic aqua ; sed panis longe pulcherrimus, ultra
Callidus ut soleat humeris portare viator ;
Nam Canusi lapidosus, aquae non ditior urna
Qui locus a forti Diomede est conditus olim.
Flentibus hinc Varius discedit maestus amicis.
Inde Rubos fessi pervenimus, utpote longum
Carpentes iter et factum corruptius imbri.

The guests all ahungered, and terrified slaves, then, our supper
To snatch—with good-will to extinguish the flames—might you see thus.

Once onward, Apulia began soon her mountains familiar
To show me, where breathes Atabulus's scorchings, and where, eke,
We'd never have clambered, had not first the neighboring Villa
Of Trivicum hous'd us: though not without smoke that brought tears, through
The burning of boughs and of leaves yet too verdant at hearth-side.

Here I by the lies of a girl was a fool for my pains made—
Ad mediam noctem expecto—till borne off by slumbers.
* * * * * * * * *
Thence carried were we four-and-twenty miles further, in chaises,
To rest at a townlet which may not be named in my verses;
Though easily known by description, since sell they, that cheapest
Of all things, e'en water! but bread, of the finest, which, further
The more-knowing trav'ler is wont to pack-off, on his shoulder,
For that of Canusium's gritty, its water not worth more—
The place that was formerly built by the valiant Diomed.

Here sorrowing, Varius parted from friends left a-weeping,
And wearily Rubi we reached; as becomes those who make thus,
A journey full long, over ways rendered worse by a rain-storm.

Postera tempestas melior, via pejor ad usque
Bari moenia piscosi ; dein Gnatia Lymphis
Iratis exstructa dedit risusque jocosque,
Dum flamma sine thura liquescere limine sacro
Persuadere cupit. Credat Judaeus Apella,
Non ego : namque deos didici securum agere aevum,
Nec si quid miri faciat natura deos id
Tristes ex alto caeli demittere tecto.
Brundisium longae finis chartaeque viaeque est.

The next day, in weather improved--yet by worse roads—
attained we
To Barium's walls, ever-fishy : and e'en where Egnatia—
First built when the nymphs were in wrath—gave us laughter and jesting,
Since there, in the temple's porch, fireless, could incense be melted,
They sought to persuade us! Believe it, Apella the Jew may,
Not *I* though : for long since I've learn'd that the gods live unruffled,
And eke, should her miracles Nature produce, that these same gods
Will ne'er to send down such from heaven's high-towers be anxious.
But here—with Brundusium—ends my long paper, and journey.

APPENDIX.

"T'is true composing is the Nobler Part
But good Translation is no easy Art."
—Roscommon.

Views of Authorities, Concerning Rhymes, Metrical Translations, The Horatian Poems, and Methods of Classical Translation generally. With Notes, etc.

Rhyme, Effect in Translation, etc.

"A fault avoided by the learned ancients" —Milton.

* * * "no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse * * * * the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre" —Idem.

"Appareled verse is but an ornament, and no cause for poetry" —Sir Philip Sidney.

"Wresting words from their true calling
Propping verse for fear of falling"
—Ben Johnson.

"Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous times
Debased the majesty of verse to rhymes"
—Dryden.

"A constraint in the best Poets * * * what it adds to sweetness, it takes away from Sense" —Idem.

* * * "an inferior artist's only chance of giving pleasure" —Conington.

"Rythm is more important in poetry than rhyme * * * After a period of the most subtle development of rhyme, there is a period in which the need of it is no longer felt. * * *

Art must not degenerate into artificiality: the charm

of rhyme will change to its opposite, if language has to suffer under its restraint. Hence the reason why many prefer unrhyming verses. * * *

We think we have reached the summit of art when we produce rhymes in absolute purity: yet this kind of poetry delights the eye more than ear and sentiment. * * *

Lack of rhyme does not mean formlessness."

—Wilhelm Grimm.

"The question whether your work is in any sense poetry has no more to do with dulcet rhymes than with the differential calculus" —Swinburne.

"The attempts of the ablest versifiers convince me that it is impossible to translate a classical poet into rhymed metre, without a great sacrifice of the poet himself and a most undesirable intrusion of that which is not the poet's."

—Newman.

"Pope's couplet, with the simple correspondences that rhymes introduce changes the movement of Homer in which no such correspondences are introduced * * *. The unfitness of a rhymed metre for rendering Homer, I have already shown." —Matthew Arnold.

"A pretty poem" (viz., Pope's rhymed Iliad) "but it must not be called Homer." —Bentley.

"The Reſtraint of Rhime too often forces the ingenius Tranſlator to abandon the true ſenſe of the Poet, and, for the ſake of a ſounding Word, to put in ſomething of his own." —Dunster.

Metrical and Prose Translation, the Translator etc.

"The Poet is a slave to the measure of his verse"

—Quintilian.

"All that is poetic in character should be rhythmically treated" —Goethe.

"translations of classical poetry should be in rhythm Without rhythm poetic phraseology becomes bombast, and the unadorned language, which the simplicity of the best ancient writers so frequently requires, when stripped of the rythm of the original, loses all its charm" —SEWELL.

"For any poetic purposes metre resembles yeast * * * worthless or disagreeable by itself, but giving vivacity and spirit to the liquor with which it is proportionately combined" —COLERIDGE.

"That rugged, uncouth, and unmusical character which makes and mars so many of the prose translations of the Greek and Latin classics" —BRYCE.

"In classical literature * * * verses are not formless: on the contrary, they follow a certain rythm." —GRIMM.

The charm which, by the consent of all nations, is acknowledged to exist in metrical language"
—WORDSWORTH.

"A new pleasure is imparted by the regularity of metre, corresponding to what arises from symetrical arrangements, in the other Fine Arts." —BAIN.

"To attempt to represent Poetry in Prose, is very much like attempting to translate Music in Speech"
—BAYARD TAYLOR.

" * * * verbo verbum curabis reddere fidus Interpres." —HORACE.

"The greatest master is he who borrows the most that can be borrowed from prose and loses the least that can be lost from verse." —WATTS.

"* * * better to convey down the Learning of the Ancients, than their empty ſound ſuited to the present Times, and show the Age their whole Substance rather than their thin Ghost embody'd with ſome light Air of my own."

—Creech.

"But slaves we are, and labour in another man's Plantation: We dress the Vine-Yard, but the Wine is the Owners."

—Dryden.

"The Buſiness of a Tranſlator is to have his Author always in his Eye * * *. —Dunster.

"L'Auteur traduit doit conserver ses tournures les plus originales et les plus abruptes.'' —Collet.

"If I could only know" (the Agamemnon of Æschylus) "by the help of a translator, I should require him to be literal at every cost save that of absolute violence to our language * * *. A mere strict, bald version of thing by thing, is what the reader of a translation should look for, and find." —Browning.

"The perilous but seductive doctrine of free translation."

—Gladstone.

* * * Hence our translations in verse; especially when rhymed, become for the most part deflorations or excerpts, adaptations or periphrases more or less meritorious * * *. The home reader will no longer put up with the careless caricatures of classical *chefs d'œuvre* which satisfied his old-fashioned predecessor. Our youngers, in most points our seniors, now expect the translation not only to interpret the sense of the original but also, when the text lends itself to such treatment, to render it *verbatim et literatim* * * *. Moreover, in the choicer passages, they so far require an echo of the original music that its melody and harmony should be suggested to their mind."

—Burton (Captain Richard F. in the Foreword of his Catullus-renderings.)

Ancient Quantity, and Modern Accent.

"Poetry was once written to be *sung*. The Greeks, whom the Romans afterwards imitated, sang their verses first to the lyre, then to tune."

"While this" * * * was habitual, the time occupied by syllables was the most influential force in metre Moreover, in the Greek and Latin tongues, the vowels are so distributed among the consonants that the syllables without difficulty can be referred to two classes, long and short" * * * * Since we now *read* and no longer *sing*, accent is naturally more prominent to the ear than time, especially in languages which have every sort of length, and not easy to be distributed into long and short * * *.

* * * By accent, an Englishman understands a superior stress of the voice placed on one syllable." —Newman.

"From no Roman critic, so far as I know, have we any notice of that insurrection or resurrection (whichever word may be preferred) of accentual against quantitative rhythm which is one of the most interesting and certainly one of the most mysterious phenomena of the literary history of the world. * * *" —Saintsbury.

"He" (the translator) "should largely abridge the syllabic length of the Latin text." —Gladstone.

"The accent, or *heightened tone* of Vergil in reading his own hexameters was probably far from being the same thing as the accent or stress with which we read them."

—Matthew Arnold.

Characteristics of the Horatian Poems: Special Difficulties attending their Translation and Reproduction.

"Et tenuit nostras numerosas Horatius aures,
Dum ferit Ausonia carmina culta lyra."

(And Horace with his musical cadences—or, varied members—charmed my ears, while he sang his polished strains to the Ausonian lyre.) —Ovid. (*)

"Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit et admissus circum praecordia ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso." (†)

(Crafty Flaccus probes every fault while making his friend laugh; and having gained his entrance plays about his heart-strings—innermost feelings—with a sly talent for tossing up his nose and catching the public on it.) —Persius.

"Multo est tersior ac purus magis Horatius, et ad notandos hominum mores praecipuus."

(Horace is far more terse and pure in his style—than Lucilius—and distinguished in observing the characters of mankind.) —Quintilian.

"Flaccus lyricos Pindaricum ad melos
Frenis flexit equos plectripotentibus,
* * * * * *
Vernans per varii carminis eclogas
Verborum violis multicoloribus."

(Flaccus drove his lyric steeds to Pindaric harmony, with reins governing the lyre, * * * budding forth through selections of varied song in the many-hued violets of language.) —Saint Gaius Sollius Apollinaris Sidonius.

"* * * 'tis certain our Language is not capable of the Numbers of the Poet, and therefore if the ſenſe of the Author is deliver'd, the variety of Expreſſion kept * * * and his Fancy not debas'd * * * 'tis all can be expected of a Version. —Creech.

"Horatii curiosa felicitas." —Petronius.

* This, and the three next following Latin quotations, with translations of the same, from list prepared by Rev'd. Henry A. Metcalf, the learned editor and compiler of the Bibliophile Society's new publication, "One Thousand Horatian Quotations."

† See Sat. 1 VI, hereinbefore rendered. p. 17.

"*Horatii curiosa felicitas*—this, one of the earliest criticisms made on the Odes, remains the phrase which most completely describes their value. Such minute elaboration, on so narrow a range of subject and within such confined limits of thought and feeling, could only be relieved from dullness by the perpetual felicity—something between luck and skill that was Horace's secret. How far it was happy chance, how far deliberately aimed at and attained, is a question which brings us before one of the insoluble problems of art."

* * * "his intense feeling for antiquity, based on and reinforced by that immense antiquarian knowledge which makes him so dear to the commentators, and which renders some of his work so difficult to appreciate from our mere want of information * * * his mastery of verbal technique * * * the labour of the Odes, a work of the highest and most intricate effort, * * * no analysis will explain their indefinable charm * * * few of them are free from a marked artificiality, an almost rigid adherence to canon * * * the refined and exquisite technique of the Odes may only be appreciated by a trained artist in language * * * * * * Horace's use of words is, indeed, remarkably dexterous; but less so from happy daring than from the tact which perpetually poises and balances words, and counts no pains lost to find that the word is exactly right. His audacities * * * are all carefully calculated and precisely measured. His unique power of compression is not that of a poet who suddenly flashes out a golden phrase, but more akin to the art of the distiller who imprisons an essence, or the gem-engraver working by minute touches on a fragment of translucent stone." —MACKAIL.

"Horace a fait usage dans ses Odes de vingt-trois sortes différentes de vers * * * Ceux de ces mètres" (i. e. . . . of Greece) * * * "sont au nombre de vingt * * *.

"Les vingt différentes espèces de vers forment seize combinaisons différentes et peuvent se ranger sous quatre groupes principaux:

"Dans les pièces destinées à être chantées, telles que le Chant Séculaire, Horace s'astreint toujours * * * à renfermer dans chaque strophe une idée complète; mais, dans les autres pièces, il se permet, * * * de ne pas avoir un repos à la fin de de chaque strophe et d'enjamber sur la strophe suivante."

—Rinn.

"La belleza eres tú: tú la encarnaste
Como nadie en el mundo la ha encarnado.

* * * *

En torrentes de números sonoros
Despéñase tu ardiente fantasia,
Mas nunca pasa el término prescrito
Por la armónica ley que á los helenos
Les hijas de Mnemósine enseñaron.

* * * *

Vengan dáctilos, yambos y pirriquios
Caldeados en tu fragua creadora.
Que se entrelacen en vistoso juego,
Y dancen qual las ninfas desceñidas
Que con ritmico pie baten la tierra."

—Menéndez y Pelayo.

"Pocos poetas han dado muestras de un talento tan vario y flexible como el de Horacio. * * * un estilo que se distingue particularmente por la concisión, la belleza y la gracia, pero acomodado siempre á los diversos asuntos que trata, y en fin, una extremada corrección y pureza de gusto. * * * el ingenio de Horacio aparece bajo nuevos aspectos, tan comprensivo y rápido * * * maestro á un mismo tiempo y modelo.

"Sería, pues, casi un prodigio que un traductor ascertase á reproducir las excelencias de un original tan vario, juntándose á las dificultades de cada género * * *

"Un poeta lirico debe traducirse en estrofas; pero hacerlo en estrofas dificultosas, es añadir muchos grados á lo arduo del empeño en que se constituye un intérprete de Horacio, que trata de dar à conocer, no sólo los pensamientos, sino el nervio y hermosura del texto." —Andrés Bello.

"* * * the abrupt transitions in those Odes of Horace which are meant to be particularly fine * * * Horace took it into his head that he ought always to begin as far from the subject as possible, and then arrive at it by some strange and sudden bound." —Macaulay.

"* * * the quantity of matter which the poet has given in the same forms of stanza, is by no means uniform * * * Horace has in numerous cases employed the same metre for Odes the most widely divergent in subject and character * * * Every one of the Odes, as a rule, has a spirit, genius and movement of its own. * * *"

—Gladstone.

"One of the chief difficulties of his style" (*i. e.*, in the Satires) "arises from the mode of raising or meeting objections. We sometimes find ourselves at a loss to say whether he is speaking in his own name or that of an imaginary opponent. The same difficulty meets us in the interpretation of some of the Epistles." * * *

* * * —"No ancient writer has so much excited and so much baffled the ambition of translators; and scarcely any still continues to find so many critics and interpreters."

—Sellar.

"The first thing at which * * * a Horatian translator ought to aim is some kind of metrical conformity with the original. Without this we are in danger of losing not

only the metrical, but the general effect of the Latin: we express ourselves in a different compass and the expression is altered accordingly." * * *

"The Odes * * * strike a reader * * * as depending, for the charm of their external form, not so much on novel and ingenious images as on musical words aptly chosen and aptly combined. * * * the grand difficulty of the translator who may well despair when he undertakes to reproduce beauties depending on expression by a process in which expression is sure to be sacrificed * * *

"Both classes of works" (i. e. the Odes, and the Satires and Epistles) "are doubtless explicable as products of the same genius, but they differ so widely in many of their characteristics, that success in rendering the one * * * would afford no presumption that the translator would be found to have the least aptitude for the other * * *

* * * abundance of local and temporary allusions, in dealing with which the most successful translator is the one who fails least * * * the persiflage of a writer of another nation, and of a past age, is of necessity peculiarly difficult to realize and reproduce * * * Horace has many passages which, if not flat, pointless, or insipid in themselves, are apt to become so in the hands of a translator." —Conington.

"* * * his peculiar felicity of expression is indeed inimitable and untranslatable * * * abrupt transitions, concentrated sententiousness, obscure and remote allusions are scattered broadcast * * *"

(Concerning obstacles confronting translators) "use of article and auxilliary verbs which offer so great an impediment * * * difficult to dance in fetters, and when the limbs are too closely cramped the fetters must be relaxed * * * —Ravensworth.

"The loss of a phrase would spoil a stanza, and a change in the order of the words ruins it; for phrases and words have each a place as definite as that of the pieces which com-

pose a puzzle, or the stones in a tesselated pavement. The difficulty is great of finding an equivalent for the sense, and it is still more difficult to imitate the form."—Sir James Hannay (on the Translation of Horatian lyrics).

"Some one has well said that translations are but the underside of the carpet: if ours really represents this feature of some fine, and highly-tinted one, woven by the Muse of Horace, our labor will have been remunerated." —Pheta.

"* * * A classical author so difficult of translation as Horace * * * his extraordinary condensation * * * his habit of embodying in one sequence a single idea connected throughout all its phases by an almost imperceptible thread * * * his abrupt transitions * * * frequent absence of a connecting link * * * through apparently disconnected passages. * * * Latin laws of quantity rendered it absolutely necessary for Horace to use inversions, which, to an English reader, involve obscurity and admit of difficult interpretations. * * * If the obscurity of Horace is so easily condoned by his admirers * * * it is only because it ceases at last to be apparent to those who have read often and know by heart. * * *" —de Vere.

"Undoubtedly a great poet can never be fully translated from a more powerful into a less powerful language; it is as impossible to execute in soft wood the copy of a marble statue. Yet some approximation may be attained, which gives the reader not only a knowledge of the substance, but a feeling of the form of thought, and a right conception of the ancient tone of mind." —Newman.

"Lyricorum idem Horatius fere solus legi dignus. Nam et insurgit aliquando, et plenus est jucunditatis et gratiae, et variis figuris et verbis felicissime audax."

—Quintilianus.

"Quinctilian's criticism upon the Odes can scarcely be improved * * * In this airy and playful grace, in happy epithets, in variety of imagery, and exquisite felicity of expression, the Odes are still unsurpassed among the writings of any period or language. * * * they possess in perfection the power of painting an image or expressing a thought in the fewest and fittest words, combined with a melody of cadence always delightful * * * Their beauty of expression is indeed apt to blind the reader, upon occasion, to the poverty of idea and essentially prosaic turn of many of the odes. Strip them of their dress, indeed, and their charm vanishes * * * His power of passion is limited and his strokes of pathos are few and slight * * * Rarely do we lose sight of the poet in these Odes * * * the charm of the majority of them, especially those which are devoted to his friends, or which breathe the delight which the contact with the ever fresh beauties of natural scenery inspired him." "The difficulties of such a task" (i. e., of the translator) "are endless. 'It is impossible,' says Shelley, himself one of the most successful of translators, 'to represent in another language the melody of the versification; even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*.' This is true even in the case of languages which bear an affinity to our own, but especially true where Greek or Latin is concerned. No competent translator will satisfy himself, still less can he expect to satisfy others. It will always be easy for the critic to demonstrate that Horace is untranslatable * * * Still what has been will be. The attempt, often made, will as often be renewed. *Dulce periculum est.* The very difficulty of the task makes it attractive. Lovers of the Venusian bard will go on from time to time striving to infuse the charm of his manner into English measures. * * * —Martin.

(After quoting Gray, "extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous and graceful") "the three adjectives here, are peculiarly applicable to Horace's work: no other lyric poet in Latin literature had so exquisite a verbal technique * * * appreciation of color values and subtleties of cadence * * * "

—McCrea.

"Phrases which catch the sense with their music and dwell in the memory from their terseness, simplicity and happiness. If the poetry of the Odes is the poetry of art, rather than of nature, it is an art that has proved inimitable. When Horace ceased to write, 'the mould was broken'."

—Wickham.

"No classical author has been edited and commented upon so often as Horace * * * opinions will always differ as to choice of readings * * The work of correcting Horace * * * still goes on, and will go on as long as there are printers to print * * *"

—Macleane.

"* * * of all authors the one attracting most the emulation of * * * commentators * * * difficulties of interpretation which have been, as many of them still are, matters of conjecture and dispute to commentators the most erudite and critics the most acute * * * students may reasonably complain of variety of texts and disputes thereon * * *

—Lytton.

"Mons. Dacier, Mons. Sévigné, Boileau, and others, have left their dispute on the meaning of this sentence" (v. v. 128–130, Ars Poetica) "in a tract considerably longer than the poem of Horace * * *"

—Byron.

"Pochi monumenti dell' antichità hanno, come l'Arte poetica di Quinto Orazio Flacco, dato ai critici tanto filo da torcere. La profezia del Mureto, che questo componi-

mento, in breve, avrebbe avuto maggior numero d'interpetri che di versi, s' è già compiuta da un pezzo (1) e non esitiamo ad affirmare che e stata de gran lunga oltrepassata, sicché tutti gli studi e i commenti venuti alla luce intorno a questa solo operetta d'Orazio già formano una biblioteca tutt' altro che piccola. (2) —Viola.

"The extant manuscripts of Horace, about two hundred and fifty in number * * * No satisfactory classification has yet been discovered, which shall enable us to decide on disputed readings by the weight of manuscript testimony; nor is it probable that the relations of the manuscripts to one enother can ever be sufficiently made out to establish such a classification. Owing to the practice in which copyists and revisers often indulged, of comparing their codex with one or more others, and borrowing readings from these at their discretion, the lines of tradition have become so confused that it is probably no longer possible to separate them. * * * The serious problems of Horatian textual criticism involve, as a rule, the choice between two (seldom three) variants, each resting on good but not conclusive, manuscript support; and the decision cannot be reached by any balancing of authorities, but calls for the exercise of sound judgment, trained by careful study of the poet's mode of thought and habit of expression."

—Smith, (Prof. C. L.).

"* * * The task is so difficult of translating Horace in any way, that no sensible man will lay down rigid rules as to what 'ways' are admissible, and what not. * * * In fact, though we are ready to welcome excellence, whether in the literal, paraphrastical, or intermediate methods, the predominant caution * * * is, that it is really translation, the reproduction of Horace himself, which is to be desired, and the great danger ultimately is his who thinks himself entitled to take liberties and to overlook details. * * *"

—Hannay.

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(1) "Tot eruditi homines in eam—Artem poeticam—scripserunt, scribuntque quotidie, ut ea brevi pauciores aliquanto versus, quam interpres habitura videatur" (Prooemium * * * per Sebastianum Henricipetri MDXXC).

(2) "Ita ut jam bibliothecam non minimam efficiant quae super hac una epistola typis expressa prodierunt" (Charpentier, Adnotationes in Q. H. F. etc. * * * Ed. Pankoucke.)

"* * * For the expression of an every-day philosophy of life, just sufficiently illuminated with humor, touched with pathos, and heightened by poetic feeling, his phrases replace all others in the minds of those who have once learned them. They are inevitable. We cannot say the thing otherwise.

* * * * * * *

* * * The freedom of arrangement possible in an inflected language and required by the exigencies of the metre yields effects of symmetry, parallelism, antithesis, and interlocked order which will be felt by any one who reads the odes familiarly, but cannot be reproduced in English. As many as five words may intervene between a noun and its modifier, and the order within such a group may reproduce or reverse that of the extremes. In this way a thought is suspended, a picture is gradually unfolded, a name is reserved for a climax, etc." —SHOREY.

"Order of words." (*i. e.* in the Odes) "An inflected language admits greater freedom in the arrangement of words than is possible in one which is uninflected, so that an idea is often held in suspense until it has been brought into relation with associated ideas. It is therefore necessary * * * to learn to carry in mind incomplete ideas through groups of words of varying length. Such groups are common to both prose and poetry; * * * But in poetry the arrangement and grouping of words is much more highly developed(3) * * *" —MOORE.

(3) Among the numerous examples here given in Prof. Moore's "Horace, the Odes and Epodes"—by way of illustrating "the more common arrangements" in the poet's lyrics, "which the student must train himself to grasp as units," are the following; (the word-relations being indicated by varying type)

Ode. 2. 3. 9. pinus ingens *albaque populus*—
" 2. 6. 5. Tibur *Argeo* positum *colono*—
" 4. 1. 4 f *Dulcium* | mater saeva *Cupidinum*—
" 1. 22. 17 f, *pigris* ubi nulla *campis* | arbor *aestiva* recreatur *aura*—
" 3, 1. 5 f, regum timendorum *in proprios greges* | *reges in ipsos* imperium est Iovis—
" 3. 4. 9-12. (the entire strophe in this instance being bound into a single group by the two initial and final words)
me fabulosae Volture in Apulo
nutricis extra limina Pulliae
ludo fatigatumque somno
fronde nova *puerum palumbes*.

POSTSCRIPT.

The foregoing extracts should sufficiently illustrate the theory and conclusions of the leading critics and authorities in respect of classical translation methods, and indicate as well the views of those who are opposed to the practice of the rhyming school.

What the chief exponents of the latter have to say, may readily be found in the prefaces usually accompanying their works, and therefore need not here be particularized. In brief, however, this is commonly a plea for Lord Ravensworth's "graces of rhyme", or, in other words, an ornamentation which the Russian, Pheta, asserts to be needed "as by the arrow, its feathers" to assist the flight of "translated song."

Otherwise the claims or excuses range from Professor Conington's modest, but *naif** suggestion as to "rhyme being an inferior artist's only chance of giving pleasure", and Sir Stephen de Vere's insistence concerning "poems" —together with his approval of Hallam's strictures on "servile translation", and of Boileau's odd notion of "jouster contre l'original"—down to the amusingly frank confession of Mickle, in the Lusiad version. The latter poet, indeed, is worth quoting: "it was not", he remarks, "the ambition of the translator" in this case, "to gratify the dull few whose greatest pleasure in reading a translation is to see what the author exactly says: it was to give a poem in the English language."

Here one discovers the underlying obtrusive personal element of the rhyming translator—whether it be called an ambition or a vanity—coupled with a characteristic obscuration of the defenceless original author whose work is supposed to be presented: his "abandonment" as old

* So characterized, because of a necessary implication that the Translator was here considering his own contribution, rather than that of his Author.

Parson Dunster puts it, for the "fake of a founding word."

Nor is there in either of these instances any essential difference, other than, perhaps, of degree, although it is seldom that one of these gentlemen is found so far out in the open, and with such candid disclosure of intent, as in the case of Mickle.

However this may be, the fact remains that the rhymers have heretofore had pretty much their own way in this field of literature, whether in English, or other modern languages.

Taking the Bibliography of the Odes and Epodes of Horace, which was recently published by the Bibliophile Society, as a convenient source of information and comparison, it is found that, after eliminating the purely prose, and critical, as well as educational translations, there are therein enumerated some two hundred and two *rhymed* versions, as against a trifle of about seven or eight in blank, or unrhymed verse.

Again, out of the total of three hundred and twenty-five translations of all sorts which are used in whole, or in extract, in the seven volumes of the Society's recent Horace Edition, only seventeen can be discovered in non-rhyming, or other than in rhymed metrical form.*

Why the rhyming habit has thus so largely prevailed, and indeed, why it was ever adopted *for the purpose of reproducing unrhymed originals*, are questions with which we have not here space to deal, however interesting such matters may be. But it is perhaps worth while to point out, in passing, that rhyming is generally assumed to have been borrowed by modern languages from the Latin

* The two interesting publications of the Bibliophile Society, here referred to are primarily limited to the Odes and Epodes, the Bibliography, however, including sundry editions of these which take in additional Horatian material. A further valuable work, is about to be issued by the Society, entitled "One Thousand Horatian Quotations." It is of interest to observe that out of the two hundred and two rhymed translation versions, above referred to as noted in the Bibliography, one hundred and thirty-two are in English, there being but four, in the same language, in unrhymed metrical form.

This relative proportion would appear to exist in the various other modern language editions which I have examined. Thus, a table of Spanish publications contained in the standard work of Don Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo: "Horacio en España", gives a total of some 236 Spanish (and Portuguese) versions, almost exclusively in rhyme.

church poetry of the middle ages, and thus widely adopted in English at about the period of Chaucer. Furthermore, the rhyming practice is likewise assumed to be a logical evolution from the alliteration of our Teutonic ancestry, and as such, to have passed through the various archaic forms of front and mid-line jingles; not to speak of an assonance, which still survives to some degree in French, and largely in Spanish poetry.*

On the other hand, some few investigators have sought to establish traces of rhyme in the classic poems, as for example Poe, with his suggestion concerning Horace's line-endings "ridicu*lus mus*", and "ilici*bus sus*", (in A. P. v. 139) and Mr. N. H. Dole, as to the *us*, *is* and *ae* rhymes or assonances of Ode 4, VIII. Dryden however asserted certain classical authority for a theory that the Greeks and Latins, although possessing full knowledge of rhyming possibilities, had purposely avoided the employment of the same, as primitive and childish.

What has resulted from rhyme at the hands of translators of Horace in English, is, however, the point with which we are here more immediately concerned, and in this regard, a few illustrations from the actual practice of sundry of the more eminent of these gentlemen should here be in order.

Especially as it is frequently charged that the "Reftraint of Rhime", of which the Reverend Doctor Dunster, hereinbefore cited, had much to say, is, in one way or another, responsible for the expansion, distortion, and general maltreatment of the original author to which I have already referred. So too, with a certain lawless injection of personal equation on the part of the translator, whether in the form of irrelevant *artistry*, or of a self-glorification therewith associated.

To take the first count of this indictment; namely, undue expansion, it may be observed that the Epistle to

* The weight of authority seems to be with this view, despite the alternative theories of the acquirement of rhyme from Arabic literature, through Spain, in the Provençal Troubadour period, or by agency of the Crusades. So too, as to the idea of an earlier origin, from Scandinavia, or through the Goths. It, of course, existed in the Hebrew sacred writings.

the Pisos, or Ars Poetica, which, in the original, contains but four hundred and seventy six verses (or lines), is stretched, when in the hands of Sir Theodore Martin, to seven hundred and thirty eight such verses; by the famous Doctor Francis, to six hundred and fifty nine, and by Doctor Howes, to seven hundred and thirty two; the late Professor Conington having stopped at only six hundred and six, while Smart's version almost doubled the original measure.

That these eminent translators indulged in like liberty with others of the Horatian poems, and were followed by minor artists of their kind, goes without saying. One need hardly here delay for the proofs, but it is of interest to observe that Conington amplified the one hundred and four verses of Satire I. V. (the Journey to Brundusium) with forty four, Francis, with thirty four, and Howes, with fifty eight, while Sir Theodore, and the Poet Cowper, followed Smart with even considerably over one hundred extra lines.

And this, notwithstanding that the extraneous padding here mechanically demonstrated, is in addition to whatever word-enlargement there may in any case be necessary, when turning the highly concrete and inflectional Latin into English.*

That a fair translation of these same poems can easily and uniformly be made in exact line-for-line measure, I have hereinbefore sought to demonstrate, while an example of an indisputable success of the kind, as to one of them at least, may be found in Arnold's unrhymed, German version of the Epistle to the Pisos,† as also in that of like character by Mr. R. M. Hovenden.‡ And indeed, this latter work has similarly been kept to its original compass, by the Russian, Pheta.

So much for the expansion question, and the considerable tax thus imposed on the time and patience of readers. Let us now turn to some of the other liberties and evil-

* See on this latter point, Prof. Barber's interesting essay, Vol. V, p. 138, of the Bibliophile Society's Horace.

† Die Dichtkunst des Horaz oder Der Brief an die Pisonen, von August Arnold, Halle, G. E. M. Pfeffer, 1860.

‡ "Horace's Life and Character; an Epitome," etc. Macmillans. 1877.

doings which are charged against the rhyming translators. Here, for convenience, one can lump these features, together with such collateral vagaries as attend their presence in the shape of tendencies to wander, and improve, and interpolate, or, it may be to instruct.

Thus we find Gladstone presenting the fine verse (of Ode 1. II) "Erycina ridens, quam Jocus circum volat et Cupido", as "fair Venus * * * to laugh with Sport and Cupid taught", in order to rhyme with "Mars our own founder * * * thou be worth a thought"; the latter phrase, in turn, being bodily expanded from "Respicis auctor". Again, in the same poem, one sees the stately war-occupation of this last mentioned Deity, "ludo, quem juvat clamor", belittled into "thy game of shout", while "neve te * * * ocior aura * * tollat" is commonized as "nor earlier take thy passage home", by way of matching-up the desired jingle with "Rome" in the next-but-one preceding line. Worse still, however, as an example of the "Reſtraint of Rhime", is a mutilation of the world-renowned invocation at the end, viz. "te duce, Caesar", into "While Caesar lives, and lives to reign"—to mate with "gain". And, as a final example from this writer, we have the quaint conceit of "a perjured punk" —whatever this may be—to rhyme with "drunk", as an equivalent of the "meretrix" in Ode 1. XXXV.

The learned Professor Porson's rendering of the dramatic Ode 1, XXVII; curiously enough deemed worthy of high place in the Bibliophile Society Edition, will serve as an example of extreme and tasteless mutilation of another kind: that of adaptation to a modern flavor, with flippancy of humor, and speech. Its faults are too manifold to quote in extenso, but one of the customary constraints of rhyming, under such treatment, may well be noted. Thus, "Natis in usum laetitiae scyphis" must needs be expanded —if only to secure the poorest of rhymes—to

> "My friends, were glasses made for fighting,
> And not your heads and hearts to lighten?"

Here too, "tollite barbarum morem" comes out of the

mill as "Quit, quit, for shame, the savage fashion"—to rhyme with "passion"—and "Quidquid habes, age," &c., as

> "Out with it; whisper soft and low;—
> What! is it she? the filthy frow!"

It may be remarked, while on this poem, that few of the translators seem to treat it with the consideration which its obvious dignity and dramatic force, and almost unique position among the author's writings, as a bit of stirring present action, would seem to demand. Francis, for example; apparently constrained to find a rhyme with "flame", followed the above enquiry (addressed to a *lad*, concerning his love) with the comment "Is she the Dame?" while Martin uses, in the same connection, "Tush, tush," to fit with "blush"; "select in its little amours" (to go with "yours") *und so weiter!*

Archbishop Aglen's admired version of Ode 1. I, renders "atavis edite regibus" as "Ancient monarch's son", and makes "nec Polyhymnia * * * refugit tendere barbiton," and "tibias Euterpe cohibet," into "If Polyhymnia strikes the wire" and "of her flute Enterpe tire;" both lines being obviously under the spur of the rhyme-hunt. His translation equally takes the flavor out of "me gelidum nemus * * * secernunt populo" with "and find from men a cool retreat."

A somewhat more diverting prank may be observed in various alterations and expansions of Horace's simple, compact, and sufficient phrase, in Satire 1. V, "Credat Judaeus Apella, non ego." This, in the Reverend Dr. Francis' hands, early assumed a polemical aspect, as

> "The sons of circumcision may receive
> The wondrous tale, which I shall ne'er believe."

while others, following him, readily adopted the new point; of which, by the way, there is no hint in the original text. The Rev'd. Dr. Howes even improved it, by "Such tales may tell the foreskin-clipping Jew," but Professor Conington contented himself with a milder, although

equally unauthorized sarcasm, viz.: "Tell the crazed Jews such miracles," etc.

Lord Ravensworth, another of the most admired rhyming translators, admitted for himself the fullest license, under his theory of "the graces of rhyme". In his rendering of the above mentioned Ode 1. I, no suggestion appears as to the "trabe Cypria", the "pavidus nauta", or "indocilis pauperiem pati", while the "catulis * * * fidelibus" have to be turned into "blood-hounds," and made to "snuff the drag", in order to rhyme with "stag". Worse still, after various like liberties with Ode 1. II, the famous "Te duce Caesar", and the equally admired "neu sinas Medos equitare inultos" are diluted into

"And over rebel Media bear
The Roman Eagle's conquering wing"

But license of this kind was nothing to the noble translator here concerned, for we find him presently crucifying the two splendid verses at the end of Ode 1. VII, "* * * nunc vino pellite curas; cras ingens iterabimus aequor" as

"Fill high the sparkling bowl, your goblets drain,
Tomorrow, cheered by wine, we'll boldly plow the main."

In this case, the original suffered not only from the rhyming process, but as well from an unhallowed—and unauthorized—suggestion of the *fortes viri* carrying over an alcoholic stimulation from the feast until the next day.

Again, in what he boasted to be a line-for-line rendering, (of Ode. 1. XII) Lord Ravensworth did not hesitate to inject a new stanza, by way of "amplification" (as a contrast to Willmot; with Ode 2. IV, who left one out) without which he found it impossible "to give its proper value" &c.

Here, at least (however equally appropriate the quotation might be, in its most essential feature, to others of the rhyming expansionists) one is tempted to recall the enquiry "What do you read my Lord"? with Hamlet's concrete answer, of "Words, words, words."

Before leaving Lord Ravensworth, it should be remarked that he put the above mentioned Ode 1. XXVII; of which we have already noted Porson's mutilation, into six-line, instead of four-verse stanzas, with a consequent expansion of twelve additional verses; plus sundry incidental liberties with the text, and, finally, in the famous Ode 1. XXXVIII, ("Persicos odi," etc.) left out the essential point of the *drinking* beneath the vine.

The late Professor Conington, another justly famed translator, was not often far astray, even under the compulsion of rhyme, notwithstanding his curious declaration that he felt at liberty to aim at epigram and pungency where there was nothing of the kind to be found in the original text. But some of his work shows the usual variations and inversions of his school. Thus, in his rendering of the "Carmen Saeculare", "silvarumque potens Diana", diminishes to "huntress fair"; "Condito mitis placidusque telo * * * Apollo", to "O lay thy shaft, Apollo, by", and "per ardentem sine fraude Trojam castus Aeneas", expands to "'mid fires, and piles of slain, Aeneas destined, pure heart" etc. Again, with this gentleman's rendering, we have, in Ode 1. II, our above mentioned charming Goddess somewhat disfigured as "Venus, laughter-loving dame" for a rhyme with "fame" and, in Ode 2. III, the fine "in aeternum exilium impositura cumbae" of the last two verses, expanded and explained by "force him, hopeless of return, on board the exile-ship of fate"; this latter, by way of accommodating the needs of "urn", and "hate", in the next preceding verses. In Ode 2. VII, Brutus is explained to us as having "warred in Greece" and the Massic wine, as "Lethe's true draught", although neither of these assertions, however correct, is to be discerned in the original statement of Horace. In the Professor's version of the famous Ode 2. XIV, ("Eheu fugaces, Postume" &c.) the classic two-line stanza of the conclusion is somewhat quaintly weakened as follows,

"And richer spilth the pavement stain
Then e'er at pontiffs' supper ran".

Finally, in Ode 3. XXX, Melpomene is requested to "put glory on", in order to rhyme with "won" in the next line.

Of Sir Theodore Martin, and his graceful, and otherwise generally faithful work, there is little need for adverse comment, outside of his egregious expansion: We have seen his somewhat belittling treatment, of Ode 1. XXVII, but one more illustration of it, in the case of the same poem, may be of use as showing the emasculation of rhyme requirements: Thus, the stirring commands of the speaker in that instance, when worked out of the hopper, appear in the following Tupperian style * * *

> "Friends your places resume,
> And let us have order once more in the room."

Nor should it be forgotten that this is all that the translator gets out of such fine original grist, as * * * "impium lenite clamorem, sodales". Gladstone, here, was not greatly better, with his "Have done, I pray, * * * and on your elbows rest, my boys", to match "noise".

Again, under Sir Theodore's hands, the impressive "Moriture Delli" (of Ode 2. III) expands and attenuates to "For Dellius thou must die, become a clod of earth," thanks to an exigency in respect of the desired rhyme for "mirth", while the reference to the brook, in the twelfth verse of the same poem, takes on the extraneous or purely cumulative matter (to fit with "tune") of "Still murmuring as it runs, to the hush'd ear of noon." As another example of this gentleman's expansion—in addition to those already above specified—it may be noted that his Ode 3. I ("Odi profanum", etc.) swells from forty-eight, to eighty-three verses, and the one concerning Fortuna (or Ode 3. XXIX) from sixty-four, to ninety-six; the latter version also containing, as a concrete example of gratuitous injection, the following—after verse 52 of the original:

> * * * * "bids him rise,
> And in mere wantonness of whim
> Her favor shifts from me to him."

Another like inflation occurs in Ode 3. XXX ("Exegi monumentum" &c.) where "multaque pars mei vitabit Libitinam", is opened out, and "improved," as follows:

> "Some part,
> Nor that a little, shall
> Escape the dark destroyer's dart
> And her grim festival."

Again, in the reference to the infancy-episode, in Ode 3. IV, when Horace was "non sine dis animosus infans" he makes the poet proclaim himself "no craven-hearted child."

Finally, in Sir Theodore's rendering of Ode 3. IX—the well-known dialogue between Horace and Lydia—we find two of the most characteristic expressions of the original, "tu levior cortice" and "iracundior", respectively disguised by "fickle as an April sky" and "more churlish."

So much for some of the quaint notions and practices of the rhymesters, taken hastily, and rather at hap-hazard, but purposely restricted to the most eminent of their exponents, and to the poems which are sought more faithfully to be dealt with in my own present experiments.

One would be tempted to pursue this interesting investigation, and its array of proofs, to a greater extent, but for the fact that, with so many examples, and such numbers of offenders to examine, the task would lead too far in time and space.

Those, however, who may desire further to investigate the subject will find the labor slight, and the material ample, since any translation of the kind, even without the original at hand for comparison, will necessarily show its rhyme-structure, and the shifts and changes which were observed in hammering out those "graces" of which we have heard so much, and—in the field of classic translation at least—have been so long, and so curiously, the victims.

Thus we leave the few illustrations from the rhyming translators which limitations of space and range of enquiry here permit. But it may appropriately be remarked, that, however pleasing the performances of these gentlemen, when reckoned as independent poems—

like Byron's "Hints," and Pope's "Imitations", an aspect not here under consideration—their renderings are found to prove both useless and misleading, when looked to for assistance in serious study of the models, or in pursuit of faithful translation.*

The essential objection, in work of this character, to artists and poets of their kind, is, that they pose as *translators*, rather than *paraphrasts*, and one may observe with curious interest the internal evidence of sensitiveness on this head to be found in many of their introductory explanations or prefaces. For, indeed, it is but too painfully apparent that much of their product, which has thus far gained currency when pinned to the broad and sufficient, however defenceless, backs of the giants of classic-literature, would have fallen flat if issued with the individualism of an "imitation", or even of a paraphrase.

On the question of sufficiency as poems of original effort, some of the work of various of these writers—such for example as Francis, Conington, Martin, de Vere, Ravensworth, and Gladstone—is of great interest and charm; as also of surprising ingenuity, considering the handicap of a certain amount of regard for originals, and the "restraint of rhyme". But, alas, of the imitators of lesser flight, it may be said, in the words of Martin's paraphrase of the *Ars Poetica*,

> " * * * most of us, by the pretence
> Dear friends, are duped of seeming excellence."†

As for the great free-handed Dryden, some of his performances; notably, the famous rendering of the Fortuna Ode (3, XXIX), are even better than their original models

* I trust it will be clear that I am not here, in any sense, criticising the rhyming translations of *rhymed originals*, for such, of course, are quite outside of the present discussion: *e. g.*, the work of the Dante translators; of Burton, with the "Arabian Nights", Fitzgerald, with the "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám", Taylor, with the Faust, of Göethe, Nevin, with the "Dies Irae" of Thomas of Celano, etc., etc.

† And, perhaps here too, a bit of Chaucer's fun—at his own expense, in the *Prologue to Melibeus*, of the Canterbury Tales, may be pardoned: we have seen that he was in some considerable degree responsible for showing a lead to these gentlemen in the rhyming habit.

> "No more of this, for goddes dignitee,
> * * * for thou makest me
> So wery * * *
> * * * * * * *
> Now swiche a rhm the devil I beteche!
> * * * * * * *
> Thou doost nought else but despendest tym:
> Sir, at o word, thou shalt no lenger ryme."

in certain respects, however lawless from the point of view of reproductions.

Browning, already partially quoted, will bear further hearing on this general subject, although dealing with an author and model that differ from those here more immediately concerned. Referring to his rendering of the Agamemnon of Aeschylus, he adds that he would be tolerant, in the case of so famous an author, "of even a clumsy attempt to furnish * * * the very turn of each phrase in as Greek a fashion as English will bear, while, with respect to amplifications and embellishments —anything rather than, with the good farmer 'to gape for Aeschylus, and get Theognis.'"

It will hardly be necessary for me to delay my reader with suggestion that what we commonly obtain from the rhyming translators is an equivalent of Theognis, in lieu of Horace, but one may at least point out that there is unhappily too often the addition of an "Old Muytens" as well.

The latter, alike discussed in the Browning Introduction, appears to have been a certain picture cleaning-artist, of Stockholm, who, wanting "himself to have something to do with the work of whatever master of prominence passed through his hands", accordingly "beautified every nymph of twenty" (in Raphael's *Recognition of Achilles*) "with a widened eye, and an enlarged mouth."

Another element of licence exhibited by rhyming translators—but in some degree necessarily affecting all metrical imitators—is discernable in a hazardous assumption that versions of the classic models can now be made what the originals "would have seemed" in the author's time, or appropriately "modernized," whether in form or substance, to fit our present environment. For notions of this inept and misleading character are frequently to be found underlying the recorded failures of the past, and, indeed, are substantially what many, if not most persons, even of fairly educated taste, will commonly express, by way of off-hand opinion, concerning the proper scope and aim of such metrical renderings.

And yet nothing can be more clear than that neither of these results are reasonably attainable. For, as concerns the former suggestion, there is obviously no one now living who may justly formulate or reasonably hope to grasp the myriad local effects and influences which must have attended the creation of the original models; or who can even safely pronounce upon the relatively minor point of the just accent or quantity affecting their structure and delivery; the " heightened tone," which is above referred to, of Horace's great contemporary, when " reading his own hexameters." Then, too, that the Romans of the period founded their aesthetic, and indeed their chief educational system upon such poetical works, and incidentally carried the arts of rhythmical construction and rendering to a pitch of refinement of which we can now readily form no adequate conception, is well established.*

Again, even the language of the time was lost at a comparatively early period of the nineteen centuries which have since overlain these questions with their dust and obscurity. Horace, using it as a facile instrument, and with practiced skill, could reach the responsive chords of patriotic and religious, as well as aesthetic, convivial, amatory or other emotions of his own environment, but we, alas, at this far-off day, may never hope to catch more than the faint echoes of their vibrations.† To do as

*Prof. Friedlaender, discussing these features remarks, in effect: " A very intense, and in fact exclusive application to poetry prepared the way for the teaching of eloquence. The poet 'formed the lips of the child from its earliest lisping,' and reading, thus, with the explanation of the poets, constituted what properly so-called was a nearly unique scholarly instruction for the adolescent * * * Of the Latin poets, Vergil was for the 1st Century the first to be placed in the hands of youth, * * * After Vergil, it was probably Horace whom they read the most. The busts of these two poets, it would appear, ordinarily ornamented the halls of the schools even till the 2d Century. * * * Poetry had * * * a great affinity with eloquence, and was thus regarded as one of the forms of what in the largest sense of the word was a fine education, * * * the structure of verses, the art of composition, were elevated to a height commensurate with what was exacted by the perfect intelligence of Grecian Art; a point to which they had arrived. * * *

(" Civilisation et Moeurs Romaines du Regne d'Auguste " par L. Friedlaender, etc. Traduction par Ch. Vogel, Tome IV. Livre X: or, see the original " Darstellung aus der Sittensgeschicte Roms.")

†It would appear that the Latin Language was in utter decadence as early as the 8th Century, and that long before then, as in the 5th, Vergil and Horace were better known at the Frankish Court, than even in Rome. (Gregorovius. " History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages "; Mrs. Hamilton's Translation, Vol. II, pp. 416 and 414).

Friedlaender, above cited, shows (in Vol. III, pp. 38-39) that the Latin had already begun to deteriorate as early as the middle of the 2d Century, and quotes the story from Dion Cassius (LXXI. 5, Exc. Vat. 106) concerning the inability of the military staff of Marcus Aurelius to comprehend a campaign order which was given in that language at a period less than two centuries after Horace's death, and of even a prefect, on this occasion, having supposed the Emperor was speaking in Greek.

much indeed, for one's own epoch, even without the constraint of imitation, or of an alien tongue, is of course a sufficient task for poet artists of the highest rank.

On the question of modern adaptation—other than what is necessarily implied by a translation as nearly approximate, comprehensible, and faithful, as may be—the monuments of ineptitude and bad taste which already bar the way would seem to preclude further effort in this direction.

That poets of original force have so rarely and so briefly pursued the narrow and flowerless paths of translation and adaptation is doubtless due to an instinctive perception of the obstructive features here indicated: of what, in fact, are after all but obvious drawbacks, of a most elementary character. But, in any case, a true artist of the kind must necessarily be pre-equipped with ample material for the stoking of his own furnace. For such, indeed, the "tightly girthed style of Cethegi's old fashions" is neither of long or of serious attraction, even if not——

"* * * bored, one and all,
Were these poets, with tedium of file-work and patience,"

at least of the sort required in faithful metrical translations.

Matters of metrical form, and as well the often discussed questions of ancient quantity, and modern accent, necessarily cut a considerable figure in the prefaces of translators of the Horatian field; the subsequent experiments of the latter ranging from the fantastic practice of the late learned Professor Newman—whom Matthew Arnold fell foul of in the famous essays on Homer renderings—through all varieties of uncertain, and generally disappointing, results, down to the somewhat odd effect of the hexameter-echoes of Dr. Bryce's, otherwise excellent, recent prose work. I am here compelled to pass these illuminating examples with but slight heed, as indeed I have deliberately done in my own metrical efforts, on the theory that the Horatian metres are substantially unattainable in English imitations, and,

if too closely copied, are sure to result in unpleasant vagary, if not in positive grotesqueness. Poe, who although of no great learning, was of course a great poet, once wrote a chapter to prove that there is no merit in minutely conventional rules of poetic construction, while others, who were, or are, learned, but not poets, have compiled books to show that these are sacrosanct. To me it seems that we have here, and thus, but a further illustration of Omar's difficulty, albeit in a different field: I too, have

> "* * * heard great argument
> About it and about: but evermore
> Came out by the same door where in I went."

It will be seen that what is thus remarked upon, more particularly concerns attempted reproductions of the Horatian models, and therefore takes no account of sundry well known and generally successful, or at least striking, accomplishments in respect of other classic metrical forms: such, for example, as Tennyson's "experiments", or the *tour de force* of Dr. Robinson Ellis in dealing with the Catullus poems. But, even in these instances, there is a quaint and experimental effect, somewhat suggestive of the roughness of new wine in old bottles; and, as to the former—at least with the hexameter, and hendecasyllabic fragments, if not the alcaic one—a semi-humorous air of apology; the Catullus metres, in turn, being by no means uniformly sustained, even when helped out by sundry oddities of word and phrase.(*) Nor should it be forgotten, that, as shown by many authorities, the metres and methods of Horace present essentially peculiar difficulties in reproduction and translation.

On another, and somewhat different, point, and when considering more particularly the longer Horatian works, there is always the question whether these, aside, of course, from their historic interest, would now be deemed

* As to Tennyson's brief trial of the Iliad, of which I, for one, have always wished for more, it may be remembered that Arnold, while admiring the effort, maintained that this particular poet's blank-verse is not that of Homer. The recent, privately printed, Catullus-renderings of the late Captain Richard F. Burton, are striking and original, but not specially exact in form, however close in translation. I have as yet only been able to find a few fragments of of Clough's admirable work.

attractive, and generally read—even if effectively reproduced in modern tongues—or whether they must share the obscuration of other extended and more modern poetic efforts.

Concerning this general subject Andrew Lang has recently observed, what is indeed obvious enough, that *long-poems* are now-a-days quite out of favor; Poe, whom Swinburne calls "that exquisite critic," having earlier denied that any such ever existed. However the facts may be, and whether or not a somewhat hurrying modern environment has progressed beyond a taste for such protracted entertainment, it is clear that our classical models of this nature must be taken as they are, if at all, and whether long or short. In any case, however, it would seem fair to suppose that neither student nor pleasure reader of to-day, in the midst of our manifold and bewildering offerings and demands, will want, or perhaps tolerate, any unnecessary expansion of the classic models, whether under the whimsical exaction of rhyming methods, or to gratify the barnacle-like creators of extraneous ornaments therefor. There may be a cognate question, as well, as to whether poetry, like the sister-art of music, is not now engaged in some process of natural evolution from the constriction of venerable conventional artificialities, but here is an open door which leads too far afield for discussion in the present limited space.

In venturing to assert a novelty for the method of Horace-translation herewith presented, I am quite aware of, and familiar with, the labors of Newman, Sewell, Arnold (the German) Lytton, and Hovenden,—not to speak of the Miltonian fragment, presently to be referred to—as well as those of various minor workers in the field of non-rhyming, metrical Horatian renderings. And so too, with the like performance of the handful of our co-laborers in other modern tongues. After all, the field in question is sufficiently small and its occupants few enough to admit of ready investigation, whatever the language or locality concerned, even if such enquiry be widened, and embraces the larger spheres of general classical translation.

Out of all the Horace-translators of the kind (Hovenden, perhaps excepted), the German, Arnold, seems to have more nearly anticipated the close-ordered, and rigid, faithfulness here attempted, at least so far as his above cited version of the Epistle to the Pisos is concerned. But he, too, like the others last indicated, whatever may have been the difference of degree between them, nevertheless failed adequately to avoid a certain undue freedom of rearrangement, or of substitution—a licence indeed, which even characterizes the work of many of the prose translators.

As here restricted in extended comment, I must refrain from discussion of Lord Lytton's fine work, or of what Newman's might well have been had he shown less eccentricity—and must likewise pass that of Sewell, with the schoolmaster aspect in which it was purposely clothed. These earlier reformers, however original and progressive their reforms may have been, were doubtless impressed and restrained by their environment, or by what in certain forms of a more mechanical development is technically known as "the state of the art" of their period.

In any case, it may be observed that since their time, and particularly of late, there has certainly been a rapidly diminished flow of rhymed translation, together with a marked suggestion of increased effort at that greater simplicity and straightforwardness in translation methods which begins with sloughing off the unwholesome and belittling excrescence of rhyme.*

* In this regard it is greatly to be regretted that Doctor Basil L. Gildersleeve has published so few of the unrhymed translations in which he is peculiarly skilled, and with which he is understood to have heretofore been in the habit of illuminating his learned lectures. The fragments of his work of this kind; notably the Tyrtaeus extracts, in the Atlantic Monthly for 1897, p. 303, sufficiently demonstrate that, had he so desired, he could have fully supplied what is still so much needed in this special field.

Professor Sibley's recent unrhymed rendering of the Epistle to the Pisos is interesting, but sadly stretches the original measure. Miss Alice Van Vliet's striking examples of the same kind, in the Latin Leaflet for March 9, 1903, however free in their rendering of the texts, are of great promise. Mr. Stedman's effective translations of the fragments from Theocritus, Bion, Moschius, etc. ("Victorian Poets," Chap. on Theocritus and Tennyson) offer a fair illustration of the newer treatment, and of its merit. Their dignity and adequacy need only be contrasted with the futile jingle of conventional rhyming versions of the same material.

The Catullus renderings of the late Captain Richard F. Burton, hereinbefore already referred to, so far as the occasional unrhymed ones are concerned, are in the same commendable line of directness, but—doubtless because the death of the eminent translator prevented revision—are disfigured not only by arbitrary word-novelties for which he claimed license but, as well with the inversions and obscurity remarked upon by his coadjutor Mr. Smithers.

Having already had the hardihood thus to suggest a certain novelty for the present treatment, I may perhaps venture so much further as to hint that this, under more practiced hands, would seem to offer a readier and more convenient approach to the original models than that afforded by the rhyming-method. It certainly appears to be more direct, for such purpose, than the customary prose versions, even where the latter are of the literal or interlinear variety.

Whether or not this is the fact may, of course, readily be ascertained by such a comparison and matching of texts as I have already invited, but that the probabilities lie in this direction will plainly appear when either the distortion of rhyming necessities, or the dislocations of structure, necessarily existing in the other methods, are considered.

What the difficulty is as to rhyme, we have already seen. With the prose versions, quite aside from the absence of a metrical form, there is always a rearranging, or straightening out of the text, in order to overcome the inversions commonly permitted or required in verse, or with the artificial language of poetry; perhaps, also, an effort to modernize the Latin idiom and inflections.

And it was, in fact,—as I have before indicated—precisely because of these confusing drawbacks and difficulties in the conventional methods of translation, coupled with an impossibility of elsewhere finding relief or assistance for my own preliminary study of the structures in combination with the text of the originals, that the present plan was devised and worked out to its existing, limited extent.

A final word, now, as to the extracts which have been made in effort to piece out the foregoing Life and to convey a fairly adequate, if somewhat impressionistic, glimpse of the poet; his character, experiences, and personal aspect.

In this respect it will no doubt be obvious that, even aside from intentional restriction, and limitations of space, the task of adequate and appropriate selection is a diffi-

cult one, especially where "views" of Horace are concerned. As a matter of fact, such views, and his reflections generally, are so scattered and blended throughout the poems, that it is next to impossible to fairly present them without a fuller quotation of the original material than is here practicable.

But, after all, one finds the chief features of the characteristic Horatian philosophy and of the poet's experiences in the poems or extracts therefrom thus dealt with. And whatever omission there may be, will, at least, save a certain amount of repetition.

I have thus far more particularly referred to the longer poems. As to the shorter ones, the present selection is made with a view rather of presenting those only that possess a distinctly personal element, whether of an autobiographical nature, or as reflecting sentiments of more immediate personal application. Such a limitation, in one or the other of its aspects, excludes *Sic te diva potens;* (1, III.) *O navis referrent te;* (1, XIV.) Archytas; (1, XXVIII.) the charming, however artificial, and abstract, Epode II* *Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis; Quem tu Melpomene,* (4, III.), the Sacred Hymn, and a dozen other striking and famous examples. And yet, these are the poems one is chiefly tempted to essay, even at the risk of such mishaps as I have myself thus far encountered in trying the Amoebaean ode—the renowned dialogue between Horace and Lydia (3, IX)—and some of the epodes, with others of the more complex or dainty metrical forms and compositions.

That I have neglected to include certain of the amatory pieces may be observed. This is because on analysis these would seem, as more or less unreal abstractions, to be somewhat wide of the present mark, aside from the fact that the flavor of sundry of them does not appear to survive in any permissible translation, however striking and otherwise attractive the poems in question may be in the original text.

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*See, however, prose rendering, in Addenda.

On the question of women, and his treatment of them, —or of their poetic simulacra—Horace cannot be said to have left an enviable record. He seemed indeed to show but scant mercy for those of the sex who were indiscreet enough to lose their youth, especially if at any time they appeared to have manifested a possible insensibility in his behalf. Witness the cruel onslaught on Lycé (4, XIII) whom he had before respectfully serenaded (3, X); his various harsh references to Chloe, the charming "fawn", once so gracefully pursued, and above all, his brutality to the faded Lydia (of 1, XXV) whom he had erstwhile thought better of, as in the dialogue-ode above referred to, and elsewhere. Then, too, his ferocity concerning Canidia (as in Sat. 1, VIII) is wholly inexcusable, on any grounds, even granting that she had lost her former attractions, and, in her old age, was still no better than she should be.

Sir Theodore Martin sought to account for this lack of "gracious tenderness toward women", on the ground of a "want of the early influences of a mother* or sister." His just criticism, and as well his apt quotation, concerning the poet's attitude towards one of these unfortunates may here be remembered: "Poor Lyce might at least have claimed his silence, if he could not do what Thackeray says every honest fellow should do, 'think well of the woman he has once thought well of,

*Sir Theodore incidentally remarks in this regard that the poet's mother is nowhere mentioned in his works. Here, however, he fails to note her inclusion in the reference to the parents in Satire 1, VI, 95-96. This, although somewhat glancing, may fairly be taken as of moment, seeing that she is thus bracketted with the highly esteemed father in an emphatic assertion. As a matter of abstract sentiment, and by way of finding better general possibilities of inherited cultivation and attuned aptitudes than now appear, it may be regretted that there is no apparent likelihood in one of the old notions of Horace's origin. Namely, the theory of Jean de Hamel, which is quoted—with entire disapproval—by the Reverend Père Sanadon, and founded upon the *Pontica pinus sylvae nobilis* (of Ode 1, XIV) to the effect that the father was one Flavius Flaccus, of Pontus, a distinguished officer in the forces of Mithridates, the purchased prisoner-slave of a Quaestor of Venusia, who obligingly liberated him and also "*lui fit épouser sa fille.*"

In point of fact a Roman slave of the period might in many cases have had birth beyond the common herd, but have remained in servile condition after capture through inability to find ransom. The slave merchants commonly followed Rome's conquering armies, and in one instance alone—as may be seen in Book 2, Chap. XXXIII of Caesar's Narrative—53,000 of the Aduatican Gauls were purchased by them out of a single city.

and remember her with kindness and tenderness, as a man remembers a place where he has once been very happy.' "

It is of course urged in Horace's behalf that the ladies of his poems are largely fictitious, and likewise presented with the higher lights and touches of the poetic imagination, but, nevertheless, imaginings and sentiments of the kind can hardly here be reconciled with the attributes of good breeding, or even of humanity, as now-a-days understood. For, in any case, it would appear from the leading authorities, that there was an ample flesh and blood realism in sundry of these instances, albeit with artistic embroidery, and with masking of names.*

It is in this fashion that Cinara—the poet's early and most real love, whose untimely demise he so much deplored—has been supposed (by Professor Newman, among others) to be the Neaera of the charming Epode XV. As to Cinara, however, we unfortunately otherwise know but little : nothing beyond what may be gathered from a few references, (as in 4, I, and XIII) and yet, even in her case, our poet did not hesitate to utter a *post mortem* slur, when, long afterwards, he spoke of her, in the Epistle to the Steward (1, XIV) as "grasping."

With this aspect of Horace, or of his writings, including another side which fortunately need not here be discussed, † one necessarily becomes somewhat impatient,

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* The mellifluous charm of the feminine appellations of Horace's selection has already been referred to. The quality of these names, indeed, is such that they will bear repetition even when detached from their respective poetic-settings, thus: Pyrrha, Leuconoë, Lydia, Glycera, Tyndaris, Lalage, Chloe, Megilla, Pholoë, Myrtale, Damalis, Phyllis, Chloris, Barine, Asterie, Lyce, Neobule, Rhode, Phidyle, Galatea, Lyde, Chia, Cinara, Canidia, and Neaera.

The uninitiate, confronting this list, will please observe that its e-finals are commonly, and perhaps more effectively, *sounded*—rather than omitted, or slurred—and this with somewhat of a vanishing "eh" suggestion, instead of the "e" of "need." So, too, there is a predilection in favor of sounding the "a" where it occurs—and especially if in termination—rather like the one in "father" than that in "fate": *not* as the "ae" or "ey" which some of us seem to fancy in the finish of Ira, Cuba, Utica, Lima, Jemima, and the like.

† Voltaire's epistle to the author will doubtless be recalled:

"J'entends ta Lalagé, je vois son doux sourire—
Je n'ose te parler de t'on Ligurinus."

however disposed to recognize the doctrine of *autre temps, autres moeurs,* as appropriate for a latter-day judgment. For thus, indeed, one needs to blink and swallow somewhat, before now either accepting the amiably established convention of ignoring such features, or, in spite of them, according to our ancient poet the supremely complimentary modern term which is the last mentioned of those so applied in my preface.

It will be seen from the selections that, in Pyrrha, it is sought to introduce at least one prominent member of the group of Horatian-charmers; the yellow-haired young person, to wit, whose famous "simplex munditiis" has been at once the despair and attraction of translators throughout the ages. Here, indeed, is an instance of extraordinary temerity on my part, seeing that for other and lesser ages, or at least since Milton, there seems to have been a consensus of opinion among the enlightened that no one else may presume to essay her metrical translation in English. And yet there would equally seem to be a curious hallucination underlying this theory, for the Miltonian rendering, however referred to as "pure nectar," and given a first place in collections, or otherwise received with bated-breath, is not palpably impressive, unless it may be as a minutely faithful translation, or as having possibly served to frighten off the non-rhyming translators who should earlier have followed its author. One may see in the Hannay Essay (on Horace and His Translators) some of the endless discussion which has been had concerning this classic of literature, as also that Lord Ravensworth at least, had the courage to question its preeminence and sufficiency. But it is odd that a literary fetish of the sort could become so firmly established, especially where, as in this instance, the best apparent explanation of the work would, after all, seem to be that it was a school-boy's task; a suggestion in support of which there is here some evidence. Nor is it less odd that so great a master of poetical

structure as Milton should have made as little showing as in the non-rhyming performance here referred to.*

Some little additional light upon the habits and characteristics of our author, and, as well, a further hint touching his personal appearance, may be gathered or guessed from Satires 2. III, and 2. VII. But it must, of course, be borne in mind that in each of these instances the descriptions or admissions, if such they be, are humorous and ironical; the author offering himself as a scapegoat to carry off sins and frailties of human nature, generally, which here are charged against him by satirists of his own poetic creation.

Thus, in the first instance, Damasippus is made to accuse him (in the language of Dr. Bryce's translation) as follows: "So seldom do you write that not four times a year do you for parchment ask, recasting all you write with self ill-pleased, because too fond of wine and sleep, you make no poems that become the public talk. * * * Well, temperate now, pen something that befits your great intents: begin. There's no result: the pens are blamed in vain: the wall, built under frowns of poets and of gods, is beaten sore, though free from fault. And yet you had the look of many things, and noble too, soon as your cottage home received you, free from worry, 'neath its cozy roof. * * * That vicious siren, Sloth, you must avoid, or cast aside, with easy mind, what name you gained in better days. * * * Hear: first of all, you build, that is, you ape the great —you who from head to foot, take all your height, do not exceed a two-foot

* A specimen of some features of this celebrated Milton-translation, will be of interest to those who may have forgotten it. His rendering of the difficult "simplex munditiis" phrase is "plain in thy neatness"; which seems to eliminate any shade of ironical suggestion—as of meretriciousness—that may have been conveyed in the original. The last eight verses are as follows:

"Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful? Hapless they
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t'have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea."

rule, and yet you ridicule * * * as for his size of body far too great: how are you less ridiculous than he? Whate'er Maecenas does is't right that you, so different in position, should do the same, and so unable to compete with him? * * * Of your horrid temper I do not need to speak. * * * Of your style of living far beyond your means. * * * Your thousand love affairs."

Again, in the last-mentioned Satire, Davus—as a house-slave, speaking with the supposed licence of the Saturnalia period—is made to accuse our author of the following, among other less translatable vagaries. "You laud the income and the morals of the plebs of old, and yet if any god should suddenly put them in your reach, you'd out and out refuse, either because you do not really feel that that is better which you clamour for, or because you * * * stick in the mire, * * * When at Rome you long for the country; when living in the country, with fickle will you praise to the skies the city far away. If it chance that you're invited nowhere, you laud your quiet dish of cabbage, and just as though you went from home only when forced, you say that you are happy, and are delighted that you are not obliged to sup out anywhere. Should Maecenas bid you to his house, at lighting of the lamps, as a later guest: 'Will nobody bring me the oil' (i. e. for a street light) 'more quickly? Does anybody hear me?': you sputter out with a loud noise, and off you rush. * * * A mistress demands five talents from you, she duns you for it, and as she drives you from her door, gives you a pail of water on your head, then calls you back; come, say the word, 'I'm free, I'm free.' You cannot; for a master" (love, to wit,) "nowise mild, your spirit rules, and goads you sharply when you're weary, and when you're restive whirls you round and round. * * * Does your great self-denial and your strength of mind resist rich dinners? * * *

Here's another fault of yours: you cannot be an hour alone, you can't enjoy your leisure right, and you fly

from yourself as runaway and truant, trying now with wine and now with sleep to baffle care."

With the foregoing, and with what the metrically imitated poems and extracts should afford, it is hoped that the many-sided Horace may fairly be disclosed in his more individual and human aspect. That his charm can thus be conveyed to any appreciable degree is doubtful, and, in any event the spiritual, dramatic, political, historical and patriotic features of his writings are largely obliterated under the process of selection and rejection necessarily imposed by the scope of the present work.

The intimate relations existing between Horace and Maecenas may perhaps sufficiently be estimated from what is shown in the foregoing pages:* it need only here be added that the bounty and kindness of the latter continued throughout his lifetime, and culminated in the well-known farewell exordium to the Emperor on behalf of the poet which is recorded by Suetonius: "Horati Flacci, ut mei, esto memor." (Remember Horace as you would myself). But this chapter of Horace's life can hardly well be closed without some mention of the dignity and independence manifested in his attitude toward the sincerely and justly beloved patron—the friend and benefactor, whom, as we have already seen, he loyally and speedily followed to the tomb on the Esquiline. A few extracts from the famous Epistle to Maecenas (1, VII) may serve to illustrate these features and at the same time afford a trifle more of light on our poet's physical condition; his tastes and habitudes, more particularly after the passing of youth and its vigor.

Translating somewhat freely from Baron Walckenaer's version of this oft-quoted Epistle, the essential points may thus briefly be epitomized.

"I promised you" (begins Horace, by way of excuse, and possibly in consequence of friendly chiding) that I would not stay more than five days in the country, but behold me unfaithful to my pledge, and August gone—
* * * if now you desire to see me well, the indulgence

*See also, prose rendering of extracts from Satire 2. VI, in Addenda.

which you have for me when I am ill must be shown when I fear being so: especially in this season of the earliest figs, when, in the city, the heats so often bring before our eyes the conductor of funeral ceremonies with his black troop of lictors; when parents tremble for their children, and our duties for friends and work in the Forum bring on fevers, and break the seals of wills. But when frosts and snows whiten the Alban heights, your poet, solicitous for himself, will descend towards the sea and withdraw within his books. Then, if you permit, will he proceed to see you again with the zephyrs, and the first of the swallows * * * I show myself as always worthy of your illustrious protection, but, if you desire that I shall never quit you, give me back my earlier vigor; the swarthy locks that shaded my brow: return, too, the pleasant speech, the gracious smile of my youthful age, and the spirit which caused me, when feasting, to lament the flight of the provoking Cinara."

Here quoting Horace's version of the fable concerning a fox, which, fattening in another's corn crib, must perforce starve himself back to adequate slimness for escape by the original chink of entrance, the translation continues, "Should they apply this apologue to me, I am ready for a surrender of all things: for I have not been known, when sated with good cheer, to praise the slumbers of the people, nor will I exchange my liberty and my leisure against all the treasures of Araby. You, Maecenas, have often praised my reserve, have often heard me bestow upon you the names of prince and father, nor have I spared these titles when your back was turned: * * * but prove me: see then, if I am not able, and without regret, to surrender all the gifts that you have made me. * * * For the little, little will suffice: Rome with her royal magnificence has less charms for me than the solitude of Tibur; than the calm of Tarentum. * * * When one recognizes that that which has been disdained is worth more than what is preferred, it were best promptly to repossess the thing thus quitted. Every one

should dress according to his size, and should shoe his own foot * * *."*

Of his relation to the august Emperor, a point herein untouched, we unfortunately lack space to now enlarge. But it should be remembered that Horace had the honour of an invitation to be one of the confidential secretaries of the imperial household, and also the prudence to decline the post, contenting himself rather with yielding the throne a powerful support by means of his poems, whether at command, or as moved by a patriotic spirit, and a thoroughly sensible acceptance of changed political conditions. The Emperor further honoured our poet with letters under his own hand, and with chaffing, and presumably affectionate, personal epithets. One of these may not readily be translated, but other suggestions contained in the record which Suetonius has preserved should be remembered. I again translate somewhat freely from Walckenaer's version.

"Dionysius has handed me your little volume, and I console myself for its scantiness of size by recalling that it attests the like characteristic in yourself. You seem to fear that your books should be bigger than yourself, but if tallness lacks you, plumpness does not. Don't, if you like, give your volumes greater height than that of a small pint pot, but, I pray you that their rotundity may resemble that of your stomach."

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*We have seen Horace's offer—in Epode 1—to follow Maecenas to the campaign which resulted in Actium's famous sea-fight. It is of interest to learn from Dean Wickham's latest work ("Horace for English Readers") that, under the "interpretation now generally given" to Epode IX, the poet would appear to have so followed, and thus to have been present in that momentous affair. This view, if correct, makes the last mentioned Epode—quite aside from its value as a contemporaneous record—of additional interest, as indicating that the lack of military spirit commonly supposed to be reflected by Ode 2. VII, and the incidents of Philippi, the lost shield, etc., was not sufficient to preclude either a resumption of the strenuous life, or an extreme manifestation of loyalty, on Horace's part. As a minor point, the record thus afforded presents a curious mixture of sensation concerning warfare and seasickness, although probably not the first mention of the latter complication to be found in our poet's works. Epistle 1. I, it may be remembered, points out that one is *aeque nauseat*, whether in one's own yacht, or a hired vessel, while Epode IX makes appeal for larger goblets of the wine of Caecuban, "to check any rising qualms."

Horace's conviction—as expressed in Ode 1. III—that there was oak and triple brass about the breast of him who first ventured on the sea, should not be forgotten in this general regard.

The comparative scantiness of the works of Horace which is here remarked, has often enough been regretted by others than the Emperor. Yet this was perhaps a natural consequence of the pensive, indolent, and reflective tendencies which the poet so often discloses: of temperamental characteristics, in short, intensified by uncertain health, and possibly by the after-fatigue of somewhat unbridled pleasure seeking in earlier life.

From having once been what he called—in Ode 4. II, v. v. 28-32—"a Matinian bee, gathering with toil the pleasing thyme, and making verses with humble wit, around the woods and banks of Tibur", we find him later concluding—as in Epistle 2. II, to Florus—that it is "better to rest than to scribble my verses."

But that Horace still, and at all times, had scope and taste for diligent pursuit of the works of others, there are various evidences. Perhaps the summary of his views on the reading of books and of their effect, whether for solace or support, which appears in Epistle 1. I,—albeit there apparently somewhat limited to certain philosophic maxims—may suffice for illustration of the point: "Your heart is burning with the fires of cupidity; tormented with some other passion: yet there are sovereign charms, and words of potency which will cure your ills, or at least appease them. You are puffed-up with the pursuit of vain glory: there are still open to you healthful practices: there is a certain work of which the reading, three times repeated, will purify your soul. Envy, anger, idleness, love of wine, and of debauchery, there is indeed no passion so savage but that it can be softened, if only one shows oneself docile to such culture."*

We have seen—in the Epistle to Lollius—that our Poet asked for "good books in full plenty," and otherwise

* These proofs of the poet's devotion to reading are conveniently summed-up on p. LXIX, etc., of the *Étude Biographique*, in Vol. I of *Oeuvres d'Horace, par M. Patin. Paris, Bibliothèque—Charpentier*, from which work the above quoted extract, Epist. 1. I, is freely rendered. It would appear that even *Orbilius plagosus*, the schoolmaster of flogging fame (Epist. I. 71) had failed to destroy Horace's taste for the classics of his time.

but to be left to himself. This, perhaps, was when he likewise proclaimed—as in Ode 2. XVIII, v. v. 11–14—that he "importuned the gods for naught else," nor his "potent friend" for greater possessions, being "amply happy" in his Sabine farm. For here, and thus had he reached the period of indolent content and enforced repose which is above indicated:

And so, with such reflections on the vanity of human aspirations and accomplishments as may be gathered from the foregoing prose extracts, we here leave our Poet. Unhappily, he must have thereafter needed all the support of his philosophy, whether epicurean or stoical, or the blend of both, on which he had been wont to somewhat cynically rest. Even of a still earlier period, it has been remarked* that "one fancies an undertone of sadness wherever the personal note is struck," as in his latest lyrics.

That Horace finished his effective part, and passed from off the scene, almost in the very dawn of another and more concrete faith, is striking, but even if twice his allotted span had been allowed he could hardly have known its newer maxims, or that other, more impressive, "certain work", which, as embracing these, was destined to create such far-reaching results. For the newer view spread with but languid pace above the ranks of the meek and lowly, and it was not until more than a century later than Horace's death that even the first certain, high official mention of the Christians appears to have occurred: that Pliny's famous letter, to the Emperor Trajan, referred to the "Christiani" of his Province, and described the obscure sectaries—theretofore classified and treated with outlaws and criminals—who assembled before the dawn of day in praise of their Christ, as of "a sort of God", ("quod essent soliti stato die ante lucem convenire carmenque Christo quasi deo").

Perhaps I should add, before closing, that my chief assistance on points of difficult or disputed translation

* By Dr. Kirby Flower Smith, Introduction to 4th Book of Odes, Bibliophile Edn.

has been found in the standard work of Dean Wickham,* which, indeed, has also been used as far as practicable for a final checking-off. Otherwise, the usual and various recognized authorities were freely consulted. I have also enjoyed the advantage of a final, if hasty, reading-over, in part by my friend Captain W. Gordon McCabe, and in whole by my kinsman Wilson Miles Cary, Esq., in effort to detect such superficial errors as are inevitable in composition of this character. The greater learning, experience and taste of these gentlemen, however, had no scope or responsibility for more material changes or corrections.

As only the very simplest, most direct, and faithful phrase and word renderings were here uniformly sought to be availed of, no material help could be had from the rhymed versions.

That the new treatment thus resulting may be useful to my fellow beginners, or to those who desire a reminder of former contact with the originals here concerned—and perhaps serve to create a new and agreeable interest for some few others—is all that is expected of it. For the results of such a method are naturally of no avail to advanced or critical students, or to any who take the really

*The works of Horace. With a Commentary, by E. C. Wickham, D.D., Dean of Lincoln, etc. Oxford, the Clarendon Press. Vol. 1, 8d Ed., 1896, and Vol. II, 1891.

Other useful publications—among the mass of valuable works of like general character—are found in "The Poems of Horace. A Literal Translation, by Hamilton Bryce, LL.D.," etc., London, George Bell & Sons, 1897, and the recent conveniently arranged Horace-volumes of the "Auteurs Latins" series—with translations, notes, etc. (in French)—"Par une Société de Professeurs," Paris, Librarie Hachette et Cie.

A recent, compendious, and instructive discussion of the poet, his works, etc., may conveniently be referred to in Prof. Nelson G. McCrea's article in the New International Encyclopedia, Vol. IX., pp. 551 *et seq.*

But for more extended and exhaustive analysis, the admirable work of the late Mr. Sellar, "Horace and the Elegiac Poets" must now be regarded as a chief authority, in English; Mr. J. W. Makail's "Latin Literature" being of the same general, but far less ample, character.

As might, perhaps *a priori*, be expected, the more sympathetic, and therefore more readily understandable, commentaries are encountered among the writings of those using the Latin-derivative tongues, rather than in the product of others, and especially of the formal British and German authorities.

And, of such commentaries, the scholarly treatise by the late Baron Walckenaer (Histoire de la Vie et des Poésies D'Horace. Paris, Librarie de Firmin Didot Frères—1858) seems easily to take the lead in its combination of effective and *interesting* qualities. Dean Wickham's new book, "Horace for English Readers," has unfortunateiy failed to come within my reach in time to assist in the present work.

moderate trouble which is required to obtain a fair enjoyment of the models in their original dress.

The general inadequacy of translation renderings is already sufficiently expressed in the foregoing extracts. Unhappily, with these, there must ever attend sundry inherent and insurmountable difficulties of the kind somewhat poetically expressed by Walckenaer—when discussing certain features of attempted Horatian reproduction. In his view, "les idées energiques ou sublimes, la savante harmonie des mots, passent quelquefois d'une langue dans une autre; mais l'élégance, la grâce, la finesse, et ce que les nuances délicates du style ajoutent à la pensée, s'évaporent par la transfusion de l'idiome qui leur donna l'être. On cueille un fruit sans lui rien faire perdre de son duvet, de sa saveur; mais la fleur, dès qu'on la sépare de son tige, son éclat disparait, elle se fane et s'effeuille."

Granville, long ago, equally and more succinctly covered this same point with his couplet in the Dryden-introduction:

> " Whilst we transfuse, the nimble spirit flies,
> Escapes unseen, evaporates and dies."

" Notre vie s'ecoule entre deux exemplaires d'Horace, celui de notre adolescènce, feuilleter avec insouciance, quelquefois avec ennui, par des mains impatientes ; et celui de notre viellesse, relu avec délices par des yeux plus clairvoyantes." —RIGNAULT.

For additional matter concerning the Maecenas relation, the features of country life, and the philosophy of the *aurea mediocritas*, see Addenda.

ADDENDA.

It has seemed, on closing the proofs of the foregoing material, and as an afterthought, that no attempt at illustration of the Horatian philosophy can be considered reasonably complete without an exposition of the *golden mean* doctrine, of Ode 2, X. Also, that the features of the poet's relation to Maecenas, and the life and ways of the Rome of their day, should equally be supplemented by such light as may be found in sundry further extracts from Satire 2. VI, than those already sought to be reproduced. Perhaps, too, a suggestion of the charming ing country scenes, and of the amusing as well as instructive irony of Epode 2, should likewise be supplied.

Hence the following additions and the irregular order in which they thus appear. The note to the Ode sufficiently explains the genesis and bearing of the latter: as to the extracts, the original Satire is of importance, aside from other obvious values and interests, in affording commentators a point of departure for reckoning its date, and that of the beginning of the Maecenas friendship. Dean Wickham properly remarks of this poem that: "It should be compared especially with Sat. 1, VI, as completing the picture there given of Horace's mode of spending a day in Rome, and with Epist. 1. 14, and the beginning of 16, for the description of his country life and of the Sabine farm in which much of it was spent." The Epode rendering explains itself, while the two further additions, viz. the rhymed attempts at Ode 1. V, and Ode 1, XXXVIII, may be excused by my desire to have the same thus grouped with these final experiments. They are early ventures in Horatian metrical translation, made some few years ago when deferring to the conventions of rhyming precedent.

In the present prose versions an opportunity is availed of for thus further experimenting with certain of the

sermoni propiora features: an idea suggested by the structure of Dr. Brice's recent "Poems of Horace," and his effort to produce, in a prose form, what he speaks of as "a rhythmical cadence in the clauses and sentences." But with this difference, however, that whereas much of the work of that eminent translator appears, at least primarily, to have acquired its aspect of "a sort of blank verse in individual lines," through "inadvertence," the present result, so far as the extract from Satire 2. VI, is concerned, is arrived at by purposely turning into prose what was previously a carefully constructed metrical imitation. In this manner the verses—beginning with a broken one of nine words—are simply run together without other alteration of structure than is necessarily involved in such prose form, and in dropping the capitals which are commonly seen at the beginning of lines in metrical arrangements. In the case of the Epode version, however, there was no previous metrical arrangement.

Carm. 2. X.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Litus iniquum.
Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula.
Saepius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus et celsae graviore casu
Decidunt turres feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes.
Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem bene praeparatum
Pectus. Informes hiemes reducit
Juppiter, idem
Summovet. Non si male nunc et olim
Sic erit: quondam cithara tacentem
Suscitat musam, neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.
Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare; sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela.

Ode 2. X.

(To Licinius; *Auream * * * mediocritatem*, etc.*)

More rightly thou'lt live, O Licinius, if neither
High-seas always seeking, nor menacing tempests
O'er cautiously feared are; pursuing too closely
A treacherous shore-line.
Full golden the mean, mediocre, then: whoe'er
Attains it, so safened, recks nought of the ruin
Of squalor in hovel, nor risk has from envy—
Thus sobered—in mansions.
'Tis oftenest the winds are tormenting the loftier
Pines too, whilst ever, with height, comes worst wreckage,
In fall of the towers: and strikes aye at summits,
The lightning, in mountains.
Nay, hope, amidst hardships—whilst fearing, in fortune,
The changing of lot—should a heart that forearm'd is:
And though the rude winters are called back upon us
Through Jupiter, *he* still
Removes them. E'en evils that now are, hereafter
Will be not. Ay, sometimes the music, when silent,
Is waked in his cithern—nor always his bow kept
Astretch—by Apollo.
When fortunes are narrow, courageous—and likewise
Enduring—appear then, and wisely, moreover,
Contract aye, in gales that too happily favor,
Thy full-swelling canvas!

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* This, perhaps the most distinct illustration of Horace's characteristic philosophy of the *aurea mediocritas*, is thus reserved for the conclusion of the biographical matter here rendered. Although of general application, the Ode appears to have been evoked by special need of warning to a friend, the restless and ill-fated Licinius Murena. Like many warnings, it was unheeded. Murena, while heading for a more open sea, in time of political storm, and neglecting to shorten sail, speedily attained shipwreck; in other words, was suspected of conspiracy, for ambitious personal aims, and, after a trial, presently executed.

Satire 2. VI. v.v. 23–59.

(Distractions of Affairs: Penalty of Association with the Great, etc.—Continued from p.p. 85–89.)

* * * In Rome, for a bail bond, I'm called next. "Quick! now, lest before you in duty some other should answer," you urge me—this, whether the north wind may stiffen the earth, or a snow-cloud the day draw in narrower circle—and go then I needs must. Thereafter, I uttering my pledge, in clear tones, which may presently harm me, come struggles in crowds, with a lot of discomfort to loiterers. "What would you, you madman; what up to?" one, heated accosts me, with angriest curses: "you jostle whoever confronts you, as if with Maecenas in mind, and to keep his appointment"—which pleases me, honey-like; not to tell fibs here. Then, soon as the gloom of the Esquiline's met with, the business of hundreds of others surrounds me, till head-over-heels I'm submerged thus: "Here, come now, you're wanted by Roscius; attend at the Puteal for him, before second hour to-morrow." Anon, 'tis: "The guild of the Scriveners (1) needs you, on matters important; they pray you'll remember thus, Quintus, to-day to return there"—"Just have your Maecenas affix to these writings his signet." Should one say, "I'll try to", "You can, if you wish it," is pressed, as an answer.

The seventh, nay, almost the eighth, year's now flitted in season, pray look you, since first 'twas, Maecenas began to account me 'midst friends to be numbered; but only thus far though, (2) as fit in his carriage to take on a journey, and eke

(1) It will be remembered that Horace had himself been a member of this order or guild of clerks, as a *Scriba*, in the Quaestor's, or Treasury office.

(2) The humorous modesty of this suggestion of restricted intimacy will be observed There are evidences that the relation was closer: we have seen that the poet was early taken on at least one highly confidential mission, the journey to Brundusium, of Satire 1. V.

to be trusted with trifles : for instance, " How goes it, the hour ? Is Gallina—Syrus, the better ? (3) This cool morning air tends to bite those unwrapped, now !"—and such like, as what's best confided to ears that are leaky, moreover—and yet, all this time, I've been none the less subject, through days and through hours, to envy. " They've seen shows, together! Nay, mark you, 'tis said, e'en thus played in the Campus !" " O, son of fair Fortune !" all cry too.

Should chillier news from the Rostrum be rumored in cross-streets, whoever's wayfaring, consults me : "O, good Sir !—for you, who are nearest the gods, sure must know now—has naught been reported of news from the Dacians ?" " Why, no, not on my part," I answer, but he : " You're aye sneering !" I, then, "May all gods grant me torture, if truly, I know aught." He, next, it's " What now? Are the soldiers, Trinacrian bounty-lands promised by Caesar, or are grants in Italy given ?" And whilst here I'm swearing I know not, they wonder ; nay, think me, forsooth, of all mortals most deep, in the matter of silence. But lost, 'mid such trifles, the day is. * * *

(3) Gallina and Syrus appear to have been rival gladiators, the former a Thracian.

Epode 2.

(On the Pleasures of Country Life: Alfius the Usurer, etc.)

Happy is he who's aloof from vain business, as was the earlier race of mortals; his paternal acres tilled with his own oxen; free of all usury: neither harrassed as a soldier by menacing trumpets, nor dreading an angry sea; the Forum shunn'd—alike too, proud portals of more prosperous citizens. Hence may he either full-riped vine plants wed with lofty poplars thus, or, in sequestered vale, gaze at his lowing herd, awandering. Eke, with falchion, lop all useless boughs, to graft those fitter; the comb-press'd honey, store in clean amphorae next, or shear his tender sheep: ay, or when there lifts above his fields, with ripened fruit bedeck'd, Autumnus' head, how joyed he either gleans his grafted pears, or grapes that vie the purple hue, wherewith to guerdon thee, O Priapus, or thee too, Father Sylvan, guardian of his bounds.

He loves to lie sometimes, at length, beneath an ancient holm-tree's shade: anon, in soft and matted grass, where meanwhile glide the streamlets 'mid their deep-worn banks; where wood birds make their plaint, and limpid fountains murmur as they flow, inviting gentle slumbers. But, when Jove's thunderous winter season brings alike the snows and showers, either he chases, here and there, with many a faithful hound the furious boar, to toils resistant, or snares, with polished wand and slighter nets, the greedy thrushes: or else the timid hare or wandering crane entraps, as pleasing recompense.

Who thus, the anxious cares that love aye breeds forgets not, 'mid these joys?

What if a chaste spouse, too, her part here plays, with home and sweetest children nigh: one, Sabine-like, or sunburnt mate, such as the brisk Apulians boast—the sacred

hearth-fire piled with seasoned wood against her weary husband's homeward coming; his herd in wattled-fold now safe, enclosed, whilst fully milked is, too, their swollen udder's store; the season's wine cask of its sweets eke tapped; an unbought feast arrayed?

Not me could Lucrine oysters charm e'er better—nay nor turbot, ay, or scar, should thund'ring storm o'er eastern waves in winter's tempests drive these to our sea: not even Afric's bird may to my stomach's depths descend—nor yet Ionic wood-cock—thus more happily, than gatherings from the richer branches that the olive tree affords, or meadow-loving sorrels, with the mallow, best for ailing bodies fit, or lambkin slain for feast of Terminus, or kid, snatched from the wolfs' pursuit.

Amid such feasts how pleased is he to see the pastured sheep then hastening home; to watch the tired oxen trail, with languid necks, an upturned plow: the home-born slaves —proofs of a rustic opulence—about the shining house-gods grouped!

When thus proclaimed, the usurer Alfius, already here almost become a countryman, his loans then fully gathered in, at Ides—but, sought were fresh ones, at the Kalends, still.

This renowned poem presents more than the usual obstacles for metrical translation, and in fact seems never to have been thus rendered with satisfactory result, or without great liberty and departure. These abnormal difficulties arise no less from the peculiarity of the epodic structure which Horace here, and for a while, experimentally adopted—with its shorter, alternate *echo* couplets—than from the inordinately long paragraphs, and strophes, indicated by the accepted arrangement and punctuation of the chief authorities, as in Verses 1-8, 9-22, 29-36, 39-60, etc. Nor, indeed, are the considerable cumulations of illustration and alternative, thus presented, of tractable nature. But, aside from these drawbacks, and the somewhat unreasonable assignment of poetic sentiment of this refined and idyllic character to an Alfius, the poem is charming, as well as valuable, in its pictures of ancient country life; and the irony of the end alike most entertaining. It is hoped that the present faithful translation may yield some adequate reflection of these features: but at least our poet's characteristic return upon his flight of enthusiasm, and the world-old, yet still appropriate, sermon-lesson of the termination should thus be sufficiently apparent.

Ode I. V. (to Pyrrha.)*

What slender youth, aloof, where dew-star'd roses shed
Their perfumed balm within thy grotto, woos thee hence,
O Pyrrha, of the golden-braided head,
And studied innocence?
Alas, how oft, lost faith ; the frown of changing gods,
Shall he deplore, when his erst placid, favoring sea,
May, whilst he wantons dreamingly, and nods,
Darkened with tempests be!
Thy dross, he, witless, holds all golden in emprise,
Nor heeds the brooding storm, nor idle hope gives o'er,
That all the wondrous love-lights of thine eyes
Are his—for evermore.
Thus hapless, who, untried, believe thy worth. But lo!
My votive tablet on yon temple-wall shines fair—
To ocean's god, who, from wreck'd overthrow,
Saves mortals, here and there.

Ode I. XXXVIII. (To his Servant.)*

Look you! my Boy, I hate the Persian doings,
Nor chaplets bound with linden-rind adore.
So, for the late-blown rose, thy vain pursuings,
Thou may'st give o'er.
To simplest myrtles nothing add I order—
For these naught unbecome thyself and me,
Thou serving, whilst within the vine-shade's border,
I tippling be.

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*More faithful renderings of these famous Odes, with the original text, will be found on pages 50–51, and 60–62. As already explained, the present early efforts at rhymed versions are here added for convenience of grouping with other experiments.

THE END.

(M8311)